THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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BABY'S "GOOD NIGHT."

BY PAUL MICHEL.

No hours wherein to sit and dream
The very pulse of life away;
Noidle thoughts and long regrets—
Not e'en a shadow on the day.
But busy hours, all fraught with hope,
With tasks, and joys, and calm delight;
And one sweet blessing crowns them all—
A little baby's kiss—"Good night!"

Who has not felt the touch of lips
Unsullied by the common speech,
Of dimpled hands that softly cling,
And stretch for all beyond their reach,
Cannot have felt the purest thrill
Of joy drawn nearer to His sight—
There's something of an angel's breath
About a baby-child's "Good night."

A baby child! I think o'er all
Upholding me through toil and care,
And wonder on a woman's life
That has it not, this blessed share.
The sounds of peace—of spirit wings—
Are in that baby robe so white,
Pressed closer to my resting heart,
Whose prayer is blent with lisped "Good night."

Good night! One day perhaps the tongue
That now essays to shape the words
May wake the world to mighty thoughts,
And stir life's deepest hidden chords.
Perhaps—and here I cease to dream—
When soul stands pausing in its flight,
'Twill hear, through calling angel hosts,
The echo of a child's "Good night!"

WRUNG FROM THE GRAVE;

OR,

The Stolen Heiress!

BY MARY E. WOODSON,

AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S VOW," "OAKLANDS," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 7, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

Nina gave a start of joy on recognizing Caspar Lenox just before her. He had placed himself purposely in her way, and as he passed onward, slipped a bit of paper unobserved into her hand.

CHAPTER XIII.

PARKS, THE WAITER, ECLIPSED BY ALLAINE, THE WAITING-WOMAN.

Miriam Danvers stepped from her carriage, with queenly grace and hauteur, on her return from her morning's drive. Finding that fate had assisted her in an almost miraculous manner, instead of a feeling of thankfulness, she began to imagine more than ever that she was the arbiter of her own destiny, and her pride, in consequence, grew the more arrogant.

Mr. Philip Danvers was just entering as she came into the shadow of the bronze portico, and she swept by him with nonchalant grace, a languid smile upon her lips.

"I have been out shopping very early after my arrival, you see, papa. But I wanted to have a glimpse of your beautiful city, without boring Eugene to listen to my comments, and so took my maid. You have been out, I presume, also. Let me hope that you have passed a pleasant morning."

"I cannot say that I have."

"O, how very unpleasant! But Eugene will scold me, I know; and my young one must be quite frantic to see me ere this."

He bowed a stately acknowledgment that he would not detain her, while she passed in at the door, and on in the direction of her own apartments.

The voice of her "young one" greeted her, in no very amiable tones, as she came near. He had just shivered a pane of stained glass from one of the windows with his fist, while engaged in an angry altercation with Claro, to whom he had been consigned.

"You are mean, mamma. I hate you; and I hate pa Eugene. He said I ought to be thrashed, and I won't be. I've been trying to break Claro's arm. What did you take Allaine away for?"

"Because mamma had need of her," she replied, while she leaned over and forcibly kissed the angry, swollen veins upon his white forehead. "And papa Eugene was quite right, I dare say, about your needing correction. Allaine, leave Clare with me, and take Cecil to the nursery until he gets perfectly quiet. Show him the bon-bons you have bought, but do not give him one until he has promised to do better. I look to you now to break him of these odious ways, by whatever means you will; but it must be done. Only mind you, I must not see or hear of things like this again."

She took Clare into her own room to remove her wrappings, and before her dinner-toilette was quite completed, Eugene came up.

"I began to think you were lost!" he cried, with childish delight at seeing her. "How long you have been gone! I should have gone to look for you, had I dreamed what direction you had taken. I may infer from your beaming face, though, that nothing has gone especially wrong."

"Yes," she answered; "my ride, if not entirely pleasant in all its bearings, has been most happy in its results."

"Ah! then I am relieved. Loyd Vance stopped me on the street to tell me that you had been to the bank, and how grieved they were that prudence constrained them to be over cautious. I was quite angry with them, I assure you. Did you have to go back?"

"Fortunately, not to-day," she answered, with averted face. "I found that to-morrow would do as well. I, too, was indignant that they should have mistrusted me. You shall go with me when we call again."

Miriam had selfishly determined to make the most of her good luck. Captain Graham's death had relieved her of the necessity of paying out such an enormous sum of money as that which she had endeavored to draw from the bank; but as Eugene was aware of none of these facts, she had resolved still to get the amount in her own hands, and deposit it elsewhere, that she might thus have a fortune in reserve that she could appropriate to her own uses, in spite of any reverses that might come to her from any of the Danvers' household.

When these affairs should be settled, as she determined that they should be on the earliest possible occasion, she might feel tolerably secure now, as she believed, with regard to her future.

Thus persuaded, no particle of her late anxiety appeared in Miriam's face for the remainder of the day.

At dinner, the elder Mr. Danvers gravely told of Captain Graham's sudden death. Eugene and his mother were full of polite regrets, and Miriam of such innocent surprise and seemingly genuine sorrow, that Mr. Danvers, himself, was quite at a loss what to think, and determined to give himself the next few days to make up his mind as to what course he should pursue.

The evening was passed *en famille*, pleasantly enough; Mr. Danvers, the elder, often purposely silent, and again leading the conversation to the past, that Miriam might have occasion to speak of her earlier life; but he observed that her habitually voluble charm of small talk deserted her on such occasions, and a constrained reticence seemed to keep guard over every expression to which she was forced to give utterance.

"Deep! deep!" muttered Mr. Danvers, as he retired for the night. "If this woman be the same that I have every reason to fear she is, I shall not leave a door unlocked between us at night when once I have given her reason, as I am afraid I have already done, to believe that I suspect her. And poor, blind Eugene, except that his life and fortune must shield her, as she will suppose, from me, I should regard him as already lost. No, by heavens, if she be the person I suspect, I should regard it as my solemn duty to warn my son, and save him at last, though they had been thrice married by every law in Christendom. Graham's untimely death leaves me no alternative but for my own satisfaction to write to Guy Fisher, and ascertain from him. But then, knowing all that I do, what could I say to Eugene to convince him? or whence summon evidence to convict her—as I know she deserves? Can I forget her mother's base treachery and her own reputed crimes, in the hope that she has commenced a new life with my son?"

And Mr. Danvers fell asleep at last, with these reflections still lingering in his thoughts.

In the meantime, Miriam Danvers sat in her dressing-room with half-closed eyes, while Allaine arranged her hair and toilette for the night. Perhaps the friction of comb and brush had mesmerized her into a semi-somnolent condition, for she started at length, as if aroused from sleep, and looked up.

"Allaine, is the door closed?"

"Yes, madam."

"I have been waiting to speak with you. Are you quite attentive?"

"Quite, my lady."

"This has been a lucky day for us."

"Ah! yes, madam," replied the maid, fervently. "We should never cease to be thankful to Providence."

"Or to a pair of wild horses, which was it? Ah! it is my old luck that has ever been supreme. And now for the future. Since this man has been removed from my path, there is, I am sure, no other living witness by whom this argus-eyed guardian of my husband could convict me."

"Unless Monsieur Louis should——"

"Silence!" hissed Miriam, suddenly grasping her by the arm until she left the print of her small fingers in the flesh. "Have I not commanded you to let that name be buried forever between us—to forget that he ever existed?"

"Forgive me, madam," replied Allaine, humbly. "I swear to you that I will not offend again. I was only afraid——"

"Ah!" interrupted Miriam, with a cruel smile, "I know what a coward you are. Yet a woman who could commit the crime that you did, ought to be brave. Think how fortune especially favored you in sending you to me."

"I know, madam," murmured the *femme de chambre*, with a shiver.

"Then show yourself worthy of such marked distinction, or the fates may be avenged. They do not like their gifts to be unappreciated. A cool head and a steady hand are their especial admiration. You have nerves, and you must dispense with them. Are you listening?"

"With my whole heart, madam."

"The head only will do," replied the lady, smiling again. "The less you think about hearts, the better. But it grows late, and we must to business. You have made the acquaintance of Parks?"

"The waiting man of the elder Mr. Danvers?"

"Yes."

"We have spoken to each other, madam."

"Well, you are not a bad looking woman. Cultivate him. The most ordinary of your sex can manage the extraordinary of the other, if they only have the tact."

"What shall I do with him?"

"Do? Whatever occasion may offer. Draw from him what he knows of his master's business, his sentiments, as far as they can be guessed at by a servant—whom he sees, and above all, with whom he corresponds."

"I will remember, madam."

"It will be well for you if you do. Especially letters with a foreign postmark. I should like, if possible, to see them before they are mailed."

"You shall be obeyed."

"And now you can leave me. It is time I should be seeking some repose after the agitations of this day. But it should, after all, teach us the comforting lesson, that as long as there is life there is hope. Good night."

The next day passed quietly enough, and the next. Miriam had not forgotten to take Eugene with her to the bank, and there secure to herself, with haughty ease, the fortune which he had so lavishly and unquestioningly bestowed upon her, as though it might have been so many half pence. This done, she smiled inwardly at Mr. Danvers' clouded brow, believing that in any event her future was secured upon a much more permanent basis.

Mr. Danvers, in the meantime, as usual, passed to and from his place of business with the accustomed formality. Eugene sometimes accompanied him; but he became more and more conscious of the restraint that had sprung up between them, and which all his efforts had signally failed to remove.

Mrs. Danvers, mother and daughter, however, expressed themselves charmed with each other. Allaine had managed, by fair means or foul, to repress Cecil considerably; at any rate he became quite bearable in the social circle, and the domestic life, to any outsider, would have seemed to flow on almost without a ripple upon the surface. But to Miriam the consciousness ever remained how easily this dead sea surface might be lashed into a storm that would engulph her. She and Mr. Danvers, while interchanging all the stately and even gracious civilities of their station, were yet like two clever, rival strategists, who each considers it of vital importance to note even the slightest manœuvre of the other for the preservation of his own reputation or perhaps his life.

On the third morning Mr. Danvers had been closeted for some hours in his study, when his bell rang for Parks, and interrupted that functionary in the servants' hall, while engaged in a delightful confab with the new French maid.

"'Twas ever thus," began Parks, in amusing imitation of the superiors whom he had had the honor to serve in his day. "I can never be thoroughly comfortable in the society of a charming lady, but 'The bells go ringing for Sarah, for Sarah,' in one eternal clang. Does it sometimes seem hard to you, Mistress Allaine, that we who have, perhaps, as fine sensibilities as they, are born to serve, while they command?"

"Very hard, but it is wise, Monsieur Parks, as my mistress tells me, to endure what cannot be helped. They were born for it, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly, or I might be Mr. Danvers and he Parks. But then I might have been deprived of your charming acquaintance; so as you say, it is best to be content."

"You have every reason to be," replied Allaine, with a Parthian flash from her dark eyes. "Ah! there is your bell again. If you have to go out in the town, Mr. Parks, will you step back to me a moment before you start. You may be able to serve me also?"

"Then count on me, though I lose my place," he answered, with a gallant bow, and then hurried away to receive his master's commands.

Allaine, in the meantime, sat drumming her fingers upon the table, and looking thoughtfully into the fire, until she seemed to have grown entirely oblivious of the individual whom she had favored with so much of her attention. Soon, however, a heavy step upon the stairway recalled her wandering thoughts, and she glanced around to find Parks again bowing before her.

"Now make known to me your commands," he said, "and if I cannot promise you to the extent that the Eastern king did the daughter of Herodias, believe me my will is as good."

"Thank you," replied Allaine, laughing. "I should not be quite so exacting if you did. I must even first know what direction you will take."

"I have to take a message to the house of Danvers & Leslie, and then deliver some letters and receive my master's mail."

"Have you the letters there?"

"Those to post? Yes."

"Then it will be all right. You can take a package for me at the same time; only mind, you must not look at the address. It is a little secret of mine."

"I shall certainly not look if you bid me not."

"Ah! then give me the bag, I will put it in myself. And just hand me a glass of water from the next room, I feel too indolent to move to-day."

The man delivered over the bag with another bow and smile, and withdrew to execute her command. No sooner had he turned his back than Allaine hurriedly undid the clasp, and running over the addresses of the letters it contained, removed two from the rest, slipped them in her bosom, and sat carelessly swinging the bag upon her finger, when Parks came back, wishing the simple water "were nectar for her sake."

"How do you know that I will not peep into the bag again, and find out the name of your sweetheart, after all?" he asked, with a smile, as he took it from her hands.

"I only trust to your honor," she replied, looking up into his face. "And in that I am sure I shall not be mistaken."

"Indeed you will not," answered the groom of the chambers, chivalrously, as the master might have done. "No woman shall ever rely upon that in vain," and he bowed himself out, taking for his consolation the flattering thought that he had made quite an impression upon this rather amiable but susceptible French woman; while she, with her thumb to her nose, took a rather comic adieu of his retreating figure, and a while after glided up-stairs to the room of her mistress, and placed the stolen letters in her hand.

Miriam received them eagerly, and retiring into her private sanctum locked the door behind her.

"Forewarned is forearmed," she whispered. "And these letters may furnish me the means to defend myself by enlightening me as to the possible sources of danger."

She had broken one of the seals already, and unfolding the voluminous sheet began to read; but she had perused only a few lines, when her glance began to wander carelessly over the pages and finally to the signature.

"A tiresome direction about bank stock and investments," she muttered. "That will interfere with business and had better have been mailed. I can redirect that and have it posted. Now then for the other."

The other was directed to "Guy Fisher, Esq., Hotel des Americains, Paris." Again the seal was broken, and again she began to read; but this time her cheeks grew suddenly pale, her eyes flashed and her lips were compressed in fear or alarm. Each word of the lengthy epistle was carefully read and re-read, until the whole was embraced, and she arose with the sheet tightly crushed in her hand.

"Why could not this man be as weak as his baby-faced son?" she exclaimed, between her set teeth. "He has already heard more than I had dared to fear; and this Guy Fisher, of whose name I was ignorant, may be possessed of information fatal enough to lead to further investigation and ruin. Difficulties encompass me on every hand, but having triumphed so far, may I not take heart to go on to the end? The one mad act that would enable the law to take hold of me is buried in the grave of James Gordon Graham. My first husband was deceived by a successful ruse, whatever evil report might say of me; however the journals of that remote city might publish me as as a modern Helen of Troy, no human being could ever have asserted with truth that I was unfaithful. Only poor Louis, mad jealousy suggested the Quixotic idea that led to my release, and he is paying the penalty at this hour as he must do while his wretched existence lasts. But why think of that? I have here enough to perplex me. Philip Danvers will consent to play the complacent father-in-law until such time as he should be expecting an answer to this letter, and then he will make another move, perhaps, a more deliberate one, in which I shall not be able to checkmate him as now. Would to heaven that I might see him silenced as others have been. And why may I not? younger men than he die every day. Meantime, as I say, he will be quiet for a month or more, and I shall have all that time to think, so I may safely sleep to-night."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CHILD OF FORTUNE AND THE OUTCAST.

"It's that varmint Wally, I know!"

Moll bounded from the bed on which she had been heavily sleeping, fastened the few hooks of her dress that she had undone for her greater comfort, on the previous night, and thrust back the tangled hair from her face with both hands.

"Just let me git to you, my lad, and see if I don't have you making a noise to which that 'ere rackit is mere child's play. Why, it's as bad as a earthquake. Blest if he don't shake the house down! Let me git to the young vilyan. I wonder where he's gone and been to this early in the mornin'."

She hastened to open the door, and descended the old, creaking steps. Looking abroad, she saw that the day had already dawned. "I'm a comin' there, my man," she called out once more, as the gate shook again, "and it's hardly a kiss I'll give you for makin' me bounce out o' bed afore my eyes is opened. How, in the name of all the saints, did you get out, if you can't come in again? Why, it's locked on the inside, as I live! Oh, you are a precious young 'un, you are!"

She gave the rusty key a vigorous turn, and the gate swung open. Reaching out to seize Wally, the supposed culprit, by the hair, she uttered a scream at sight of the tall, muffled figure and white face that appeared before her.

"Why, Ned, where is your night-latch? That ever you should make such a noise when you could ha' opened the gate with your two fingers!"

"Peace, chattering fool!" he cried, menaceingly; "you must be sleeping here like the dead! Let me pass, or I'll be the death of some one else before the sun rises!"

She had known him to be angry, had heard him rave and curse before, but never, in all her experience of him, had she seen such an expression on his face as she read there now; and as she lowered her eyes, with a feeling of positive fear, she saw that his cloak was stained with blood.

She was not so hardened in vice but that a sickening, involuntary shudder passed through her frame, and crouching down at his feet, without knowing what she did, she clasped him about the knees.

"Oh, Ned, you ha' not been the cause o' *one death* this night? Tell me that you hain't! There is blood upon your cape, but it is not the blood of a human being—not a *life* blood! For, oh, if it be *that*, take mine, too; take it afore I rise!"

He looked at her for one moment, then lifted his heavy boot and struck her a cruel blow that sent her headlong down the half a dozen steps they had climbed.

"It would be a mercy to take you at your word!" he said, in thick accents. "You are turning sentimental! You whining like a—woman! A broken rib may teach you that such ladyism is not for *you*. Get up and follow me, or I'll play Blue Beard in a style that will make you but too glad to walk. Who put it into your head that I could be a murderer as well as a thief? There may be a life's blood on me, and yet I am not bound to have taken that life; or it may come from the fountain of my own being. What do you care?"

She stifled a piteous moan as she got up with her hand pressed to her side, and followed him submissively to the landing above. Reaching that he stopped without looking back.

"Is mother awake yet?"

"No."

"Is Lester's child still asleep?"

"Yes, Ned."

"Open the door of this room, then."

He was nearest to it, and at any other time she might have felt some surprise at his waiting for her to precede him, but she stepped unquestioningly to the front now and pushed open the door. When they were fairly within the room he dropped the cloak with a shake from his broad shoulders, and she saw to her

horror that he had handcuffs upon his wrists.

"Oh, Ned, my dear! have you been so near——" and sobbing afresh she bent down and kissed his fettered hands. He stared at her for a moment in bewildered astonishment, as if uncertain whether he ought not to strike her again, and then sank into a seat.

"Have these things off quick!" he cried, with a shiver. "Press the spring at the top, so. Ah! a little harder yet. Where is your strength?"

All that she could command was exerted in an instant, and the handcuffs dropped to the floor. He made an ineffectual effort to rise once more, and a groan broke from his lips.

"Look at me, Moll, and collect your senses, if ever you had any, for we shall need them to-day. I have been in great peril. The blood that you see is mine. I am wounded, but I scarcely knew it until this moment. Not a word. Listen to me. I am sure I am badly hurt, so there will be the greater need of your stirring."

"I will do whatever you wish, Ned."

"Well, I am glad to see that you are recovering your senses. How is that child to get home to-day if the reward is offered, as it must surely be?"

"I had planned to take her myself."

"You are a fool still. Why may she not report on you the moment she reaches her father's side?"

"She shall not know me," replied Moll, with a nervous effort to recover her old humor. "She saw me yesterday with a light short dress, that made me look like a girl! This morning I'll meet her in a long black frock and veil, with a shade over my eye, as will make me look like a respectable widder that her own par would hardly know if I had brought *him* here and was a takin' *him* back."

"But how will you get her from the house, schemer?" he asked.

"Make Wally take her through the alleys for a few blocks, and tell her he can't go no further, when he must direct her to ask the first respectable person she meets to take her to her par."

"I am afraid she would pass you by, then, every time," replied the man, brutally. "But can that young scoundrel, Wally, be trusted?"

"You don't know how sharp that boy be," she answered, oracularly. "You should ha' seen him a takin' on reg'lar when I cut off her hair last night."

"You did fleece her, then. I think I can improve on your plan a little. A thousand devils! how this pain in my hip hurts! Bring me the boy here."

Moll hurried, still in a tremor, into the next room, and dragged Wally up from the heap of clothes where he yet lay in a profound slumber. When she had seized him by the hair, as though determined to have it out by the roots, and had administered a rousing box or so over the head, he appeared about half awake.

"Come, you young varmint!" she exclaimed, sharply. "Wake up, or you'll be put to sleep in a fashion no one likes. Ned wants you."

"Where be he?" asked the boy, rubbing his eyes.

"You'll know soon enough," returned Moll, briefly, as she dragged him out. "Come along."

"Here, my young man!" cried Payne, sharply, letting his heavy hand fall by way of emphasis, on the boy's shoulder, until he staggered beneath the weight—as the latter came up to his bedside. "Can I trust you to Krook's shop to buy me a couple of the morning papers, when they come in, and to bring them back to me without letting the grass grow under your feet?"

"Yes, sur."

"Take this money then, boy, and pray that a stroke of lightning may meet you at the door, if you are not back when I begin to look for you."

The child comprehending at once, as his hard training had taught him to do, and glad to escape so easily, slipped out at the door, and had vanished in an instant.

"And now," continued Payne, breathing with great difficulty, "my wound must be dressed. Is—is poor Mrs. Blount in her room?"

"Yes; but oh! why do you say 'poor Mrs. Blount,' Ned?" asked Moll, looking, with another shudder, at the blood on his clothes.

"Rich Mrs. Blount, then, worrying fool!" he cried. "Only send her to me, to stop this blood that has begun to flow again, or I am a dead man. And hark you, she had better be trusted to awaken the child and tell her she is to go home. Her face is not so hard as some I know. Keep the child's name, mind you, and all concerning her, a profound secret. Don't show the clothes she had on, or tell why she was brought, and let the old woman sleep until to-morrow, if she will."

A few moments later, and in response to Moll's summons, a small, pale woman, in a faded black dress, entered through a side door.

"You are badly hurt, they say," she faltered. "Oh, Ned, where is George? Was he with you?"

"No," answered the robber, averting his white face. "He was not with me, but I don't think he will be at home to-day, perhaps not in some time."

"My God!" she gasped. "Is he in prison, or in great danger. Only now I was dreaming——"

"No," interrupted Ned, with a groan. "He is in no danger that I know of. But see, I am shot, and the blood is flowing. Mix some of your old wash, and send Jerry in haste to help me, or I shall be a dead man before noon. Let him bring me also a glass of strong drink."

"Off with his bloody garments now." And Master Jerry coming quickly in, pours the heating liquid into the seething wound. The sudden transition produced by the wet linen bandages, made him feel, for the moment, as if he were transported into an Elysium.

"That will do, Jerry," he was saying, when Wally entered once more, out of breath. "You have been my surgeon for to-day, and have doctored me with skill. You can go now." And Master Jerry beat a retreat.

"Have you the papers?" he asked, eagerly of Wally, when the other was gone.

"Here they be, sur."

"It is well for you. And now I have a day's work for you that may make you open your eyes, but if you keep not your mouth sealed, except where I instruct you to speak, your tongue shall be seared with hot irons; do you hear?"

"Yes, sur."

"You saw the child that was brought here yesterday?"

"She in the blue dress?"

"Yes."

"Oh! be she gone, sur?"

"You answer question for question with me!" cried the man, in a rage, as his wound checked the movement he made towards him. "Now listen to me, sir. You are to see her after a little. Now go into the next room, and if you are tired of living let me hear from you until I send for you."

He was reading the papers when Moll came back.

"Is she in there?" she asked.

"By the eternal, yes!" he exclaimed, rising suddenly up in bed. "*Five thousand dollars* reward for a child supposed to be kidnapped. Five *thousand* dollars! It will be a smart lift, my beauty. Here put me these papers under my pillow. My brain is giddy. Let me sleep for two hours to the minute, and if I am not Edward Payne once more at the end of that time, may I never wake up again. Let me see there. It is six o'clock. Send Wally to me when the bells are striking eight, and keep even the rats from stirring until then."

Creeping on tip toe into the next room, Moll found Wally crouched down upon the hearth.

"Mrs. Blount is took with a fit," she whispered. "So you air to sit in the next room, boy, and speak to the child when she wakes up. You can tell her, if you likes it, that she was fetched here in a spirit o' wickedness, by the girl as found her on the street, only for the valley of the clothes she had on, and now as she has no more need for her, you may be free to take her home to her par and mar. And it was all gammon about her par being shot, for he's as sound as a dollar this minit. And don't you go for to wake Mother Crowley on no considerations. Now you creep in there till I calls you."

Solitude and silence, save the rumbling of a rat through the old walls now and then, and the bells strike seven.

Still the young sleeper stirred not.

Another hour of watching, and Moll, looking cautiously in once more, beckoned the boy to come out to her. He obeyed submissively, with a strangely thoughtful expression in his large, dark eyes.

She had given him some whispered directions, when he passed once more into the opposite apartment, and stood by the bed of the slumbering outlaw.

Payne was lying back upon his pillow, his white teeth gleaming from beneath his dark moustache, a scowl upon his brows and his large fists clinched convulsively. Hardened as the boy was, by long habitude to kicks and blows and harsh words, he began to tremble with an indefinable horror as he looked at him; and it was only when he thought he heard Moll moving in the next room that he ventured at length to lay his hand upon the man's shoulder.

"If you please, sir——"

"Ha! you young whelp, have you betrayed me? Had you as many eyes as Argus, and all of them like hers, I would not spare you. Give me another coffin than that of Leonora Danvers, or——" His fingers had clutched the boy's throat until his tongue protruded from his mouth, when, fortunately, he seemed to recover full possession of his faculties, for he relaxed his hold, while a spasm of pain distorted his own features. "How dare you be prying over and disturbing me?"

"If you please, sir, Moll said you was to be waked up at eight o'clock, when her, in yonder, was to be took home."

"Ah! I remember. Now listen to me, you young hound. When all is ready and you are told to move, you are to make her follow you through 'Hide Alley' and straight down street until you come to the square opposite Loyd's corner. Then tell her you will be flayed alive if you do not return at once, and instruct her to keep right on, ask the first person she meets after you are of sight to take her home. Tell her, if she speaks earlier I will be on your track, and I will tear the tongues from each of your mouths with red-hot pincers. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sur."

"Then go."

Moll was waiting outside, and with a few hurried additional instructions, pointed to the room where the old crone and the child still slept.

"Come," she whispered. "I'll take her up and put her in Mother Crowley's chair, and you talk to her till she wakes, so as she can understand you. Then you show her the old 'un; she'll remember her, and tell her you'll wake her up if she bon't as still as a mouse."

Having spoken thus in a subdued tone, she once more approached the bed, and having passed one arm under the child's slight figure lifted her with ease, and deposited her in the old arm chair, with her small, cropped head falling upon her bosom.

"Let her fall to sleep again, if you dare," whispered Moll, and with a threatening shake of the head, she escaped from the room.

Poor Wally stood looking hopelessly at Evelyn, with the despairing consciousness that he would never have the courage to approach her, when the child stirred of her own accord. A faint color came back to the white face, and after rubbing her eyes with her tiny hand, she opened them and looked around her, at first vacantly then with a cry of alarm.

"If you please, miss, don't make no fuss," stammered Wally; "I'm agwine to take you home. The ole 'oman will wake up—she as tuck all your poorty clothes when you comed, and she'll beat you, miss, for she don't mind nothick."

Poor little Evelyn all bewildered, yet recalling the events of the previous day in a confused manner, still stared vacantly about her.

"She be dead sleep now in that ere bed, and won't wake up till we be gone, if you don't cry," urged Wally, beseechingly. "They was chaffin' 'bout your pa bein' here, and sendin' for you cos he was shot. Your pa ain't no more hurt nor I am, and he's waitin' for you this blessed minit, I spex. The 'oman as fotched you here, jest for to steal all yer poorty clothes, she cut that ere gold stuff off your head while you was a sleepin'," continued the boy, hurriedly, as his terrified listener ran her fingers through her short locks. "Don't you be skeert, miss, I'm agoin' to take you home, when you eats somethick."

"Where am I?" cried Evelyn, springing up from her chair, "I won't stay here, you dirty little boy, let me go. Where are my clothes? Go and bring them to me. I shan't wear these rags."

A blush mantled the boy's face, through all the dirt that obscured it.

"Oh, if you please, miss, there be a man in bed in t'other room, who sez if you don't go quiet and peaceable as a lamb he'll burn you and me up. I ain't nothick to be put long wi' the like o' you; but, indeed, miss, the weight of his hands would mash all your bones. Don't you worrit him."

"Where can we go?" she asked, looking with a shudder towards the door. "Oh, take me now, and my papa will make you rich!"

"You must drink this ere coffee and eat sum bread fust, miss. Them ole 'uns sez you shan't go till you does."

He got up with a deprecatory air, as though he would apologize, in his own humble way, for approaching her, and took up a cup and plate from the hearth. Evelyn drank off the coffee in eager haste, but when she tried the bread it choked her, until the tears gushed from her eyes. "I can't," she pleaded. "I don't want breakfast until I get home. Come!"

"If you please, miss, I'm to wait until we have a sign as sez I can go," replied Wally. "I say now, hain't you agoin' to eat this ere bread?"

"Oh, what shall I do, I can't!" sobbed poor Evelyn.

"Lors, bread ain't nothick to cry over when you sees it afore you!" replied the boy, amazedly, "you don't git hungry often, I spex. Shall I put it out o' sight for you now, and make 'em think you done it?"

"If you please," she answered, eagerly. "But where will you hide it? They may come in and see it."

The boy smiled, and bit off a mouthful.

"Don't," said Evelyn, in horror. "It is so hard. It will choke you!"

"This ere! Why it good as melts in my mouth, miss," replied the boy, still devouring it. "I ken almost eat a brick, sometimes, when I'm sent out to grab afore I can git nothick. And them ere shopman has there eyes on ye when you hanga around, you bet. Lor' what a chase I gives 'em sometimes! I had to drop my loaf o' bread t'other day, though. And they ketched Jerry wunst!"

"But, you wretched boy, that is *stealing!*" said Evelyn, with a shudder.

"We calls it grabbin', miss."

"But it is stealing," persisted the little girl, in a low tone. "And don't you know God will punish you."

"He can't catch me, miss. Bless you, I runs faster nor any of them and then I hides."

"Don't you know God sees you everywhere?" asked Evelyn, as she turned her angel face upon him, full of tender pity.

"Bless you, he don't see me!" persisted Wally, stoutly, thinking to console her. "Or he'd be sure to give me over to the perlease."

"Oh, not that!" cried the child. "He may not punish you in this world, but he'll send you to the bad place when you die, if you are not good."

"I don't know nothick 'bout that," replied Wally, with a vacant look. "Jerry sez we won't be hungry there."

"Boy, do you know who God is?"

"Some uv them high ones, I spex, as is allers a watchin' and a worryin' the like o' us poor varmfints, and drags us to the lock-up, when they ketches us," said the boy.

"No! no! He is our good father in heaven!"

"He's too fur off then," replied Wally, simply, "I don't know nothick 'bout him. I guess he's where you cum from, miss."

The little girl, in her amazement, had half forgotten her surroundings. "Don't your mother tell you?" she asked.

"We don't have no mothers," he answered, looking at her wonderingly. "Jerry's got one, but tain't common, and bless you she don't tell him. But come, they are a knocking, and we are to go now."

CHAPTER XV.

A WORD IN SEASON.

In the meantime, Moll had been dispatched upon an errand by Payne, and in response to a summons, Caspar Lenox had strode into the room where he lay.

"Warnings are of no use you see, Payne," he said, roughly. "You will go on to the end of your rope, and then it will hang you."

"I did not send for you to hear a sermon," answered the man, gruffly, "what I wanted to know is if your ——, if the woman you spoke of last night can take the child?"

"I have prepared her, yes; but it is a dangerous scrape, and you *will* run into them here. She may be lodged in a jail before night."

"I don't see how," replied Payne, querulously. "She is as innocent as she need appear, and to be paid a thousand dollars for an hour or so of a morning's work is no slight thing."

"If she escapes, no. At any rate she is willing to undertake it, and I have no wish to interfere. Mother is well, I suppose."

"She is as usual in an opium trance," answered Payne.

"Aye!" replied Lenox, setting his teeth hard. "And she will go off in one, and the knowledge for which I would freely give every other wish of my life is to die with her. In all these years have you, too, been able to gather nothing?"

"Nothing," answered Payne, with a groan.

"And it is worse than idle to importune her," said Lenox, rising. "I can have no help there." He had reached the door and turned again. "Nina will be on hand," he said, "have no fears of her failure;" and he hurried out into the daylight, as though the atmosphere of the house were oppressing him. "The disabled robber who lies there is an acknowledged foundling reared by her charity," he continued, bitterly, "while she clings obstinately to the assertion, at which every instinct of my nature revolts, that I have her blood in my veins, and am her son. The whole world could not persuade me that this is true. I feel an irrepressible something within me ever telling me that I come of a better race and was born for a high position. And so I must live on with no higher object than to be revenged on those who have wronged me. On Arnold Leslie this is accomplished. He has been sent through my agency to stagnate in a State prison for twenty long years, and at this hour I know he strikes his manacled hands together and curses me as the author of his shame. So would I have it. And now this she-devil, who has borrowed the livery of heaven, and so long defies us all—this Miriam—Roscoe—Dupre—Gordon—*Danvers*—as she has had the crowning insolence to become, remains to be punished; and it shall be accomplished if I have to traverse the earth and wring evidences from *the graves of the dead;*" and pulling his hat over his brows he walked hurriedly onward.

We must now return to Evelyn Leslie and her strange, half-savage little escort.

As the boy pushed the door cautiously open, she followed him eagerly out, casting a frightened look behind. The dusty, worm-eaten stairway was deserted, and as the child once more paused in a tremor, Wally held out his hand with an apologetic "I'm used to it," and they descended thus to the bottom. When he released her hand the print of his fingers was left in distinct black lines across her own little dimpled, snowy palm.

"Won't they catch us?" she whispered.

"No, miss. They wants you to get home now."

"What a fright I shall be to mamma," she said, looking down at her wretched garb. "And you, boy, why do you not wash your face and hands sometimes? You would not be so bad looking then."

"Lor, miss, 'tain't no use for the like o' me; they gets dirty in no time," he answered, innocently.

"Then keep washing them. You are a sight with all that dirt on your face and hands." She had paused involuntarily, and was looking up at him in astonishment, as she beheld him in the broader light of the morning. Singularly enough, this nameless *gamin*, reared in a school of shameless hardihood, where one would have imagined every instinct of refinement crushed from his nature, now grew timid and shamefaced under Evelyn's rebuke, and darting forward, seized the handle of a pump, and catching the great stream of water in his hands, scrubbed away at his face in such good fashion that Evelyn, who had been terrified with the idea that she had offended him, could not repress a smile as soon as she had discovered his real motive.

"That is better," she said, coming up; "but you have no towel, and the water is very cold."

"The sun allers dries it, miss," he replied, looking down. "But we hain't got no time to lose. You must foller me now, this here way."

They moved on again for some moments in silence through the filthy alley until the dirt and gloom of the place frightened her.

"Can't we go faster?" she asked.

"*He* said we was to go slow, miss," replied the boy, as if impelled by a law which it had never occurred to him he might break; and Evelyn, forced to abide his will, followed in his shambling footsteps. When at last they emerged into the scarcely more attractive street, however, he moved on with a slightly quickened pace.

"Say, miss, look at these. Did you ever see anything so luvly?" he cried, pausing suddenly before the window of a shop that had some cheap editions of "Mother Goose's Melodies" and other coarsely illustrated prints for children on exhibition.

"They are coarse and horrid," replied Evelyn, with a curve of her pretty little lip. "You should see some I have at home. Can you read?"

"With the newspapers like, miss?"

"With anything. Could you read one of those books in there if you had one of them?"

"Read pictures? They bean't a paper, miss."

"Gracious! what a boy! Have you ever been to school?"

"To who, miss?"

"To school, where you would perhaps learn to read and be good."

"No, miss; we don't know him at our 'ouse."

"You must go to school, poor boy. Why don't you run away from those wicked people who teach you how to steal, and get some work to do? When we are at home, I will ask papa to take you and send you off to school for coming with me."

Walter, at this suggestion, looked about him with a start, and hurriedly explained that he must leave her at the next corner, and Evelyn, terrified, was beginning to sob, when he reminded her of the dark threats of "them grown 'uns," and entreated, if she would not be dragged back and have her tongue torn out, to keep it quiet. He also instructed her that she was commanded not to look about or tell any one that she was lost, until she should reach the end of the street, or she would be taken to a house where she would be dealt with in a far severer manner than she had been at the one from which she had come; and by the time he had impressed these things upon her, he had paused to turn back.

"How will I ever find my way?" she gasped. "Show me home, and papa will give you clothes and money and send you to a good home, where they will tell you about God and teach you that you must not steal."

"I dursn't, miss. Them two would find me and murder me." He had moved away several paces, when he suddenly returned and touched her on the arm. "I say now, did you never steal nothink, miss?"

"Wretched boy, no. It is very wicked. You must never steal again."

"I'll remember, miss. Now you keep right afore you, as I tells you, and goodbye."

Poor Evelyn held out her hands, entreatingly, as though to stay him, but he was already hurrying back in the direction from which they had come, and she found herself alone. The child's first impulse was to throw herself on the bare stones and sob aloud, but terror urged her on, and her little feet stumbled in and out of the irregular pavement as she pressed forward, blinded by her tears.

Some children passed, and taunted her coarsely. "Did ma take all the skin this time, deary? But don't you break your 'eart over it, it'll all grow right again," a large boy tweaked her nose, and roared out, as she fled from him. An angry market woman shook her head at her as she went by, and muttered: "None of you could git a lick amiss. I know mine don't."

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked a rather musical voice with a slightly foreign accent, as the child, almost beside herself with fear, stumbled against the person who addressed her.

"Have any of those bad children hurt you, or have you lost anything?"

Poor Evelyn replied that she was lost, and did not know her way home; and the good woman, coaxingly, asked her name, and promised to show her. The child looked up questioningly, and beholding above her a pleasant face, and figure clothed in black, placed her little hand unhesitatingly in that of the stranger, and the two moved on together.

Evelyn soon dried her eyes and began to tell her story. The lady—and we may inform the reader at once that it was our old acquaintance, Nina DaCosta—remaining silent herself, encouraged the child to prate of home and its luxuries, with the characteristic vanity of childhood.

When it had seemed quite a long while to the weary little one, the woman took her into a street car, and rode on in silence until the conductor pulled the check-rein and motioned them to get out:

"Here is the house—Danvers & Leslie."

"O, now I shall see papa!" cried Evelyn, joyfully.

"In one moment." The woman paused to adjust her own shawl and veil, and taking the child's hand passed into the imposing edifice before them.

"Can I see Mr. Rochester Leslie?" she asked of a clerk. The voice was not bad, but neither her dress nor that of the child would entitle her to much deference in the great house.

"You cannot. He is now engaged with the chief of police."

"This child, whom I found weeping on the street, informs me that she is his daughter, and that she was decoyed into a den of robbers last night, where her own clothing was stolen."

"Oh, please let me see papa!" the child broke forth with a sob, as the clerk looked incredulously upon them.

At this appeal, however, the man came out, and bidding them follow him, walked back quite a distance and tapped at a heavy mahogany door. It was opened in a moment by a middle aged gentleman, whose face was pale with perplexity and anger.

"O, papa, papa!" The little voice was choked with emotion. The gentleman looked down in bewilderment for an instant, and then caught her in a transport to his breast, devouring the pretty face with kisses, while his own tears mingled with hers.

"My child! my darling! where have you been? Your mother is well nigh mad." The white arms of the little girl clung about his neck, but she only wept the more bitterly; while her unknown companion pressed her handkerchief to her eyes in visible emotion.

"Young woman, you will please tell me where you found Miss Leslie, and why she returns to her friends in this garb?" It was the voice of the officer, cold and austere.

Nina detailed the circumstances of her encounter with the child in quite a collected manner, only giving it the appearance of entire accident, and naming a street at some distance from that in which they had actually met.

The woman's story was confirmed by the child as soon as the latter, who sat in her unsightly rags upon the gentleman's lap, grew composed enough to speak; the officer listening to the recital of the kidnapping and despoliation with attentive face.

"Excuse me, my good woman," said Mr. Leslie, rising at last, "you were aware, I suppose, of the reward offered for the recovery of the child?"

"I had not looked into the papers, sir," she answered. "I should have brought her, all the same. But I am a comparative stranger here, and am very poor."

"Fitzroy," said Mr. Leslie softly, turning to his financial clerk, "pay her the amount offered, she is entitled to it. And I, my poor little frightened darling, must hurry home with you to your mother." And the gentleman led her quickly out amid the wondering throng, while Nina waited to receive the money from the hands of the cashier. Placing it carefully in the pocket of her dress, she, too, turned at once and passed out into the street.

"If you have no objection I will see you home?" She glanced around in terror, and found that she was pursued by an officer of the police.

"Ah! sir," she sighed, "I have no home. I am almost a total stranger here, and have been lodging at various places, looking for work."

"Can you give proofs of a respectable character?"

"I hope so, sir. I am sure I do nothing wrong."

"I shall be better satisfied of that when I know some of your friends."

With a wildly beating heart, Nina moved purposely on. What must she do? Could she dare to go home? Restlessly repeating these questions to herself, she gave a start of joy on recognizing Caspar Lenox just before her. He had placed himself purposely in her way, and as he passed onward slipped a bit of paper unobserved into her hand; for the officer had fallen a few yards to the rear. Reassured in a measure by the hope of some friendly suggestion or help, Nina walked on for a block or so, when, unfolding the scrap of paper, she read to her own infinite surprise:

"*Ask to be shown to the residence of Mr. Philip Danvers. Call for Mrs. Eugene Danvers and demand her protection. You will recognize an old friend. Do not betray too much surprise. The policeman will be dismissed at once. Do nothing further, I command, until you have seen me; and for that purpose return to your lodgings without delay.*"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Is every experimental science there is a tendency towards perfection. In every human being there is a wish to ameliorate his own condition. These two principles have often sufficed, even when counteracted by great public calamities and by bad institutions, to carry civilization rapidly forward. No ordinary misfortune, no ordinary misgovernment, will do so much to make a nation wretched as the constant progress of physical knowledge and the constant effort of every man to better himself will do to make a nation prosperous.

CULTIVATE A GENIAL NATURE.—Really it is disgraceful that men are so ill-taught and unprepared for social life as they are, often turning their best energies, their acquisitions and their special advantages into means of annoyance to those with whom they live. Some day it will be found out, that to bring up a man with a genial nature, a good temper and a happy frame of mind, is a greater effort than to perfect him in much knowledge and many accomplishments.

UNSELFISH LOVE THE SOURCE OF HAPPINESS.—Wherever unselfish love is the mainspring of men's actions; wherever happiness is placed, not on what we can gain for ourselves, but on what we can impart to others; wherever we place our highest satisfaction in gratifying our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our wives and children, our neighbors and friends, we are sure to attain all of happiness which the world can bestow.

WHAT AGE BRINGS WITH IT.—As we grow older, it is with hearts as with heads of hair: for one that we find real, there are nine that are false!

LOOKING BACK

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

I may live long, but some old days
Of dear, deep joy akin to pain—
Some suns that set on woodland ways
Will never rise for me again;
By shining sea, and glad, green shore
That frolic waves ran home to kiss,
Some words I heard that nevermore
Will thrill me with their mystic bliss.

O love! still throbs your living heart—
You have not crossed death's sullen tide,
A deeper deep holds us apart;
We were more near if you had died—
If you had died in those old days
When light was on the shining sea,
And all the fragrant woodland ways
Were paths of hope for you and me.

Dead leaves are in those woodland ways—
Cold are the lips that used to kiss;
'Twere idle to recall those days,
Or sigh for all that vanished bliss!
Do you still wear your old time grace,
And charm new loves with ancient wiles?
Could I but watch your faithless face,
I'd know the meaning of your smiles.

MAUDE'S SECRET.

BY J. E. BRETT.

"I have told you there is a secret in my life I can share with no one. Let me go my way, and you yours, for we could never be happy with a cloud of mystery between us."

"In other words you refuse me!" There was a quick resentment in Donald Curtin's tone, for the refusal of the woman he loved to be his wife was a blow at once to his heart and his vanity.

He was not a conceited man, but when he offered his hand, he certainly did not expect a refusal.

There had been many meetings before he spoke of his love, and in some of them he had thought Maude Dennin's face betrayed her love for him, in spite of the cold manner that was habitual to her.

"In other words you refuse me!" he said, with angry emphasis.

The color flashed over Maude's face, for there was a keen pain, as well as resentment, in Donald's tone.

For the first time she touched his arm, lifting her soft dark eyes to his own.

There was a thrill in her voice as she said, steadily, but in low tones:

"Because I love you, Donald. If I had no love for you, I would put my hand in yours, and share your wealth, for my life of drudgery is a weary burden to me. But I love you, and so I bid you go from me, and seek to forget me in some happier love."

Something in her tone and face awed her lover from any demonstration of pleasure at her frank confession.

He prisoned the little white hand she had placed upon his arm, and said:

"Confide in me, then. Tell me your secret, or, if you will, keep it. Rest assured I will never try to surprise it."

"I cannot. Nothing but death can free me, and your life is too useful, too noble, to be spent in waiting for me. Forget me, Donald. May God bless and keep you!"

She was gone before he could say any more, and he knew her decision was final.

Mrs. Hursey's delight at her brother's escape was tempered by indignation that Maude had dared to refuse him.

"What on earth did she, a school teacher, expect to marry?" the matron thought.

But Maude, pondering over it all, accepted the pain as one more sorrow in her shadowed life, and made no moan, looked for no sympathy.

It was hard to see the face that had been ever full of sympathy and tenderness turned boldly away. But the routine of duty filled each day, and there was a certainty soon of release from the monotony of teaching.

October was midway on her golden-tinted journey across the earth, when the school was called upon to find a new teacher.

Maude gave no reason, but she must go.

It was not to spy upon her movements that Donald, finding out that she was leaving the place, followed her in the train that took her to New York.

It was only in his deep, unshaken love, the fear for her future, the anxiety to be sure all was to be well with her in her new life.

She did not dream she was watched as she took a hack and, followed still, drove to a small house in the outskirts, where a woman met her at the door and led her in, weeping bitterly.

That was all Donald saw.

But the face of the weeping woman was Maude's face, should years of sorrow and tears set their seal upon it.

Restless and curious, in spite of himself, Donald lounged into a saloon, near the little house, and called for a glass of beer.

Close beside two rough-looking men were discussing some ale, and Donald heard one say:

"So Dennin's time is up. He came out of prison yesterday."

"'Cordin' to my guess," was the reply, "he didn't hev no call to be thar; he never done it—never!"

"He was wild, too."

"Yes; got on a spree too often, an' in bad company, but never had no more hand in that bank robbery than you nor I."

"Got five years for it," said the other, "an' he's come out to die. He's over at his mother's thar," jerking his thumb in the direction of the little house, "an' won't last a week—consumption."

This was the secret, then.

A brother in prison—innocent or guilty—a convicted felon.

Donald shuddered as he thought of the fair, stately woman he loved, with her pure, proud nature, daily tortured by the secret of her brother's crime.

Maude was with her mother in a home, even if a poor one, with crime for its inmate, and he had no right to intrude upon her grief.

So he paid his score and went out into the street again.

Three days passed before he heard again of Maude's brother, and then the public journals told the story. He was dead!

Only twenty-six, the papers said, and dead!

But they had some comfort at the last hour.

Two of the gang who had been engaged in the robbery had made a sworn statement exonerating him from any guilty part in it.

In so far as he was under the influence of liquor, was in bad company, and led by them, he was guilty.

But he was innocent because he was purposely kept ignorant of their intentions and had no knowledge that he was in a bank vault until the hands of the officers of justice were upon him.

Five weary prison years, disease,

finally death, had paid the penalty of a youth of reckless living, but the stain of actual crime was lifted from his memory, and the journals that had chronicled his trial and sentence gave publicity to his innocence and his death.

It was no shame to Donald's manhood that his eyes were misty as he read the obituary of the wasted life, touched keenly by the closing words—

"A widowed mother and sister were with Dennin when he died."

Donald could easily picture the fair, pale face bending over the sufferer's pillow, and the low, tender voice comforting him, though his hand had brought desolation into her own life.

In the chamber of death, where the still face upon the pillow was peaceful in its last sleep, Maude and her mother kept watch together.

"Mother," Maude said, softly, "I have saved something in these long years, and we will make a home here and try to earn a living together."

"Yes, dear. I took the house, furnished, thinking, if David came home willing to try for an honest living, we would make out somehow. I have saved a little, too, Maude, for him, and he will not need it."

"Hush! You must not weep now! Remember how happily he died, mother, the stain lifted from his memory, his heart at peace. He was ready to go, mother, and God knows best. My poor brother!"

Softly the tender lips pressed the dead man's forehead, before Maude led her mother away from the room.

They had not crossed the narrow passage to the parlor when the bell rang, and Maude opened the door, to face Donald Curtin.

Before she could speak he entered, closing the door behind him, and advancing to the widow, who stood inside the little parlor.

"Mrs. Dennin," he said, lifting his hat, "I have just heard of your sorrow, and I have come to ask you to let me aid you in any way where a gentleman's services may be required."

"You are very kind," the widow faltered. "We—as you say—our trouble——"

And here the tears choked her, and she could only turn from him and weep.

Maude lifted her eyes, appealingly, to meet Donald's fixed upon her face.

"There is no longer a secret between us, Maude," he said, in a low tone. "Will you not give me the right of a loving son to comfort your mother?"

"You know all!" she said, surprised, "and you are here!"

"I know all," he answered, gravely; "and knowing your noble reason for once refusing me, I am here to ask again the question I asked one summer morning not long ago. Even as I loved you then, I love you now. Maude, will you be my wife?"

And she, loving him utterly, with the secret of her life revealed, the crime wiped out by death, put her hand in his, and let his lips press the seal of betrothal upon her own.

To the world Maude's secret is a secret still.

POPULATION OF THE WORLD.

A report from the Bureau of Statistics, at Washington, just issued, contains an interesting table of the population of the earth. The aggregate population of the earth is given at 1,360,082,000, Asia being the most populous section, and containing 798,000,000, while Europe has 300,500,000; Africa, 203,000,000; America, 84,500,000; and Australia and Polynesia, 4,500,000. In Europe the leading nations are credited with the following numbers: Russia, 71,000,000; the German Empire, 41,000,000; France, 36,000,000; Austro-Hungary, 36,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 32,000,000; Italy, nearly 27,000,000; Spain, 16,500,000; and Turkey, nearly 16,000,000. The other countries do not exceed five millions each. In Asia, China, which is by far the most populous nation of the earth, is credited with 425,000,000; Hindoostan, with 240,000,000; Japan, 33,000,000; the East India Islands, 30,500,000; Burmah, Siam, and farther India, nearly 26,000,000; Turkey, 13,500,000; and Russia, nearly 11,000,000. The Australian population is given at 1,674,500, and the Polynesian Islands at 2,763,500, New Guinea and New Zealand being included in the latter. In Africa the chief divisions are West Soudan and the Central African region, with 89,000,000; the Central Soudan region, 39,000,000; South Africa, 20,250,000; the Galla country and the region east of the White Nile, 15,000,000; Samauli, 8,000,000; Egypt, 8,500,000; and Morocco, 6,000,000. In America two-thirds of the population are north of the Isthmus, where the United States has nearly 39,000,000; Mexico over 9,000,000, and the British Provinces, 4,000,000. The total population of North America is given at nearly 52,000,000, and of South America, 25,500,000, of which Brazil contains 10,000,000. The West India Islands have over 4,000,000, and the Central American States not quite 3,000,000. According to these tables London, with 3,254,260 inhabitants, is the most populous city in the world, while Philadelphia, with 674,022 inhabitants (in 1870), is the eighteenth city in point of population. These eighteen cities, in their order, are the following: London, 3,254,260; Sutchan (China), 2,000,000; Paris, 1,851,792; Pekin, 1,800,000; Tschantschau-fu, 1,000,000; Hangtschau-fu, 1,000,000; Siangtan, 1,000,000; Singnan-fu, 1,000,000; Canton, 1,000,000; New York, 942,292; Tientsin, 900,000; Vienna, 834,284; Berlin, 826,341; Hangkau, 800,000, Tchingtu-fu, 800,000; Calcutta, 794,045; Tokio (Yeddo), 674,447; and Philadelphia, 674,022. Of cities smaller than Philadelphia, the leading ones are: St. Petersburg, 667,963; Bombay, 644,405; Moscow, 611,970; Constantinople, 600,000; Glasgow, 547,538; Liverpool, 493,405; and Rio de Janeiro, 420,000.

ROMANCE READING.—There is nothing good comes from the intellect alone. All true sentiments, all noble, all tender feeling, comes not of the understanding, but of the mind—or heart, if we so please to call it—which imagination raises, educates and perfects. Even feelings are to be made—are much the result of education. The wildest romances will, in this respect, teach nothing wrong. It is not true that such reading enervates the mind. We firmly believe it strengthens it in every respect, by unchaining it from a lower and cowardly caution. It encourages action and endurance. We have not high natures till we learn to suffer. We have seen the unromantic drop like sheep under the rot of their calamities, while the romantic have been buoyant, and mastered them.

AIMLESS.

BY ANNA WAGEDON.

Aimless to float upon the tide of life,
Aimless, and therefore hopeless—saddest fate
That man can ever know—with danger rife,
Black danger to the soul's eternal state.

Better to have creation's meanest thing
On which to lavish thought and energy.
Than, bounding wishes in one daily ring,
Content oneself to eat, and sleep, and be.

And yet, when darkness brooding o'er my soul,
Hides the fair mountain tops whereof I would climb;
When from earth's valley chilly mists uproll,
And my tried land-marks vanish in the rime:

Then, I could almost wish myself a clod,
Who lived because he lived—some happy fool,
Like sheep who crops from day to day the sod,
Or lazy fly upon a stagnant pool.

So I might only be at rest—at rest—
Nor blind mine eyes with looking at the light,
Nor, struggling for the highest and the best,
Fall from the summit of an Alpine height
To the deep chasm of a starless night!

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

BY NEWELL HERBERT.

"I think," said my husband, one day, "that we really should do something about Georgina's education. She is really too old now to idle her time as she does."

"Yes," I agreed; "but unless we settle in a town, I do not see how we can improve her."

This was by no means the first conversation my husband and I had had about our only child and spoiled pet; but it is a fair specimen of many, and ended, like the others, by letting the subject drop. However, as winter approached we decided on moving into E——, and board for a short time.

My husband soon became restless; he "hated a boarding-house," he said, and thought Georgina, accustomed to run about the country, would fall ill if confined to our small rooms. He would take a house; then she could play where she chose, and run up and down stairs to her heart's content, especially on wet days.

Taking a house, however, is more easily accomplished in word than deed. Our means were then rather straitened; not so our ideas, however. We were both fastidious, and I fear the house-agent found us rather unreasonable.

I got so tired of walking up and down stairs in empty houses, and also felt so chilled, that at last I allowed George to take all the trouble of visiting and viewing those in the list sent us by Mr. Letts. When he came home, and reported what he had seen, I listened with due attention; but on considering carefully, there was generally some drawback.

One day, George came in with a radiant countenance, and said:

"My dear, I am sure I have found the exact house to suit us."

"Where?" was my first question.

He named a dull, but aristocratic, part of the city. I listened with great deference while he expatiated on the merits of this habitation, and described it from "garret to basement." It certainly seemed unobjectionable. The rent was the next point; that also was in our favor. So it was arranged that I should accompany George next day to see it; and he politely said that my decision should be final.

"*La nuit porte conseil.*" In the wakeful moments of night I resolved that, if the new house was one where I could make my family at all comfortable, I would not discourage the evident desire of George to take it.

In this mood I accompanied my husband next morning. When we reached our destination I thought its appearance unexceptionable. When we had traversed it all, I said:

"I think we may decide on settling ourselves here."

"I quite agree with you," said my husband. "I knew what your opinion would be."

"We are at last fortunate," we agreed.

The house-agent was silent.

Signing and sealing were accomplished without delay. Next day we had large fires lighted, and the house, which gave us the idea of having been long unoccupied, was thoroughly aired. In a few days we took possession. The morning of our arrival we contrived to settle our furniture, and the pretty little articles of "bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Caudle has it, from our old house, to look as home-like as possible. In the afternoon, George went out for his customary ramble; I was too busy to accompany him, and Georgina appeared to think I could not arrange things without her assistance, so she would not leave me.

We had placed our books on their shelves; this was the finishing touch. I still had the last in my hand, but had opened it, and was glancing over its contents. Georgina was at the centre table, taking off the bonnet and cloak in which her doll had accomplished her journey. In a moment, however, I felt my gown pulled; I turned, and saw that my child had crept to my side, and she whispered stealthily:

"Look THERE, mamma!"

I looked in the direction my darling pointed, and saw an old gentleman seated in one of the arm-chairs. He seemed about seventy; his head was slightly bowed, his hands clasped, and he was apparently absorbed in thought. I gazed earnestly at him, but could not recall his features; in fact, he was to me perfectly a stranger.

Some moments passed thus. I then thought he must be a friend of the former tenants of our new abode, and that it was time, if he had thought to find them there, to acquaint him with his mistake.

With this resolution I approached and addressed him. He, however, neither looked at me, nor appeared to have heard me speak. Thinking he might be deaf, I repeated my observation in a higher key.

All in vain; he did not raise his head or pay me the slightest attention. I tried again, but was equally unsuccessful.

I now thought my visitor must have lost his senses, and recalled all I had heard of lunatics eluding the vigilance of their keepers, and entering the quiet haven of a family unexpectedly. With this idea I took my child's hand, and we left the room.

We entered the dining-room, and I rang the bell.

"MacTavish," I asked, when the servant came in, "has any one called to-day to see me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Or to inquire for the last occupants of this house?"

"No, ma'am."

"You are quite certain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you inquire if any of the maids have opened the front door to any one?"

"I know they have not, ma'am, as I have been about here all the afternoon."

"I wish you to inquire," I said.

MacTavish went off with an injured air; but presently returned with ill-concealed triumph to say that no one except himself had opened the hall-door that day.

I returned to the parlor. Our unexpected visitor was still there. It was now about four o'clock. I did not expect my husband till five; but oh! how I wished some magnetic power could bring him home.

Presently I was struck with the recollection that I had neither seen nor heard the door open; this determined me on watching for our guest's departure. With this view, I seated myself near the door, and beguiled the time with my crochet. In about an hour, however, just as I had done counting a few stitches, I glanced towards the arm-chair—it was unoccupied!

"How could he have gone?" was my first thought, when I *began* to think; for I was wonder-stricken at first.

He certainly could not have gone to the door, or I must have seen him. I hastened to ring the bell; but when MacTavish appeared, I hardly knew what to say, feeling reluctant to let him know the strange incident till I had told my husband, so I asked:

"Has your master returned?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you not open the front door just now?"

"No, ma'am; no one has passed in or out since."

I was puzzled, but at that moment George knocked, and MacTavish hastened down stairs.

I felt relieved on seeing my husband, and soon told him all that had happened.

When I saw his air of wonder, and I may say doubt, I felt sorry that, in my anxiety to avoid any foundation for exaggerated stories, I had not called one of the servants to witness the stranger's visit; for though George did not absolutely refuse to believe me, he asked so many questions, that I almost began to doubt the evidence of my eyes.

Next morning passed as usual; but in the afternoon, George insisted on remaining at home with me, but he did not do so with a good grace; on the contrary, he was most restless, paced up and down the room, took the books from their shelves, opened them, but instead of reading, threw them about, examined every little article on the chiffoniers and tables as though he had never seen them before, and fidgeted as if he was expecting some one to keep an appointment.

I laughingly reminded him that our friend had made no promise. Evening closed in, and our party was not increased. Next morning, George went out early. In the afternoon he stayed with me; no old gentleman appeared, and George was as impatient as before.

Three or four days passed in like manner. At last George, seemingly convinced that Georgina and I had been mistaken, left us one afternoon for his customary walk.

About four o'clock that day, habit induced me to glance at the arm-chair. The uninvited guest was there!

Knowing that he had not entered the room in any ordinary way, I did not like to approach him this time. Georgina, perceiving him also, crept close to me, and we left the room. I rang the dining-room bell for MacTavish, and he called the other servants. I was first to enter the drawing-room, and was slowly followed by a wondering train. Our old visitor did not move even to raise his head; we stood about him in silence; then, dismissing the rest, I kept my own maid with me. MacTavish waited in the entrance hall for the departure of the old gentleman; however, our watch was useless—he disappeared as suddenly as he had appeared.

When my husband returned, he found the household in great agitation; no one now doubted of an unearthly visitor. George, however, ridiculed that idea, laughed at my pale face, and said it would never do to encourage or even allow our servants to believe such nonsense, or we should become the laughing-stock of the neighborhood. I begged him not to leave me of an afternoon till he was convinced that this was no illusion. He said he would sooner stay at home till the expiration of the lease than miss seeing the "old gentleman," who was now our "household word."

However, his patience was not long tried this time, for the following afternoon, we were all three in the parlor. I was working, Georgina seated at my feet, my husband pacing up and down the room, sweeping unconsciously the anti-macassars off the chairs and sofas, catching his foot occasionally in my dress, and stopping his promenade only to examine the books and china, and lay them down again, but either upside down or in the wrong place; however, the mischief was not irreparable. That inspection over, George walked to the window and whistled.

Meantime my nerves were becoming strung to their utmost. It was almost four o'clock. I watched the time-piece, and when it pointed to four, I glanced at the chair; there was our guest! George, however, appeared to have forgotten all about him, and kept his back to us while he gazed from the window. My child took my hand, but remained where she was; I dared not move, but counted the moments till George should turn. At last he did so. Words cannot describe the amazement pictured in his countenance; he seemed thunder-stricken; but, soon recovering his self-possession, he walked up to and addressed our visitor. He, however, was not more successful than I had been, for the old gentleman neither raised his head even to glance at him, nor made the slightest movement, but appeared as usual absorbed in thought.

MacTavish found some excuse to enter the room to see the result of his master's vigil; he approached also; the other servants in a short time followed, as if guessing something was wrong. An astonished circle formed round the chair, and an agreement was made in whispers that none should stir till its occupant should go.

But how that came to pass was incomprehensible. He disappeared with the eyes of all our circle still fixed on him. How can I describe it? I can only say he *was* and he *was-not*. In order to certify himself of this absence, my husband was going to seat himself in the chair, but Georgina interposed and would not suffer it, evidently in the fear that the chair might sink through the lowest depths of the earth.

My husband's next proceeding was to call on Mr. Letts, the house-agent, who seemed so overwhelmed with astonishment, that more simple people might have believed that he had never heard of such a thing before.

However, in the evening my maid went out, and in some of the shops near inquired about the house as if she had been a stranger to it, and heard that no one stayed very long in it; some of the less cautious of these usual gossip-retailers told of an old gentleman who had been seen in it for many years, but who never "did any harm."

Next morning I had a severe attack of neuralgia, an occasional tormentor, then brought on by the agitation of the preceding days. George fetched a doctor, and we related to him the extraordinary incident that had befallen us. He readily admitted that he had often heard the story, and strongly advised our breaking our lease, and added that I must have a complete change of air and scene. My husband called again on Mr. Letts, who, after much pressure, allowed that, because there were some rumors, which, *of course*, he did not believe, afloat about this house, he had let us have it as favorably for ourselves as possible, and sooner than have anything said about it, or, as he put it, have any disagreement, he would take it off our hands. We moved into a hotel till our packing was accomplished. When all was ended, we sent our servants to our old home, and my husband, my child and I came abroad to divert our minds, rather overstrained hitherto, and endeavor to forget our "uninvited guest."

SUFFERING FOR ANOTHER.

BY MARY E. KENT.

"Poor dear mother! How tired and pale you look! Oh, I wish you did not have to work so hard! Don't get up to cut my lunch. I can do it. But just rest your fingers and eyes awhile, and let me tell you something. Wait, I'll get the things out of the cupboard first! There now; I can eat and talk, too. Mother, I want you to go to Aunt Kate's. I will try to get off early enough for the train, and stay until Sunday evening. You must stay two weeks at least."

"My dear boy, it is impossible. Why, Willie, love, we can neither spare the money nor time," Mrs. Campbell said, with a regretful expression on her care-worn face.

"Indeed we can! You know Mr. Barker promised to increase my pay, and I'm sure I've done my duty. If he does, we can go; and I will send your work, any that comes, out to you. Tom says his mother will let me board with her while you are gone, and she won't charge me much, neither. Now, haven't I got it all arranged?" Willie said, his manly face all aglow with pleasant anticipations.

"You dear, good little man! I must not call you a boy any longer. You have as much thought and consideration in that fourteen-year old head, as many men of twenty-five. Yes, mother will do as you wish, if everything comes out as you hope, Willie," Mrs. Campbell answered, tears filling her eyes as they rested on her noble son.

She was a widow, and Willie her only one. Some months previous, he had obtained employment in the establishment of Barker & Co.

The next day when Willie came home his face was clouded. In answer to his mother's anxious inquiry, he said:

"Well, perhaps I'm uneasy without good cause. Mr. Barker don't seem so pleasant to me, or speak so kindly. Something has gone wrong, I'm sure; but I don't see how it possibly can be anything I've done. Maybe it is some business arrangement that is worrying him."

That night he reported Mr. Barker's mood "no pleasanter," and next day, at noon, he said:

"Be all ready to start, mother. I will change my clothes now, that is, get on a clean shirt and collar. I think Mr. Barker will do right by me, even though something does worry him."

Five o'clock came, and with it Willie. But ere he reached the door, his mother knew he bore a heavy heart. Slowly and heavily fell his coming steps. The door opened and he darted forward, dropped beside his mother, and laying his head in her lap, sobbed bitterly.

"What is it, my darling! Oh, Willie, where is my little man now? Bear up. What has well-nigh broken your dear heart?"

"Mother, mother, I am discharged!" Willie sobbed.

The mother's pale face grew of deeper pallor; but she strove to comfort her boy, saying:

"Well, never mind, Willie, you can find another place. I know some one will be glad to have my little man."

"No, no; no one will have me now. I can never get employment again," the boy sobbed, more bitterly than before.

"Never! What can you mean, dear?"

"Oh, mother, I must tell you before anyone else—everybody will know it soon. Mr. Barker discharged me for dishonesty."

"What, my son? Never!" the mother cried. Her pale face crimsoned then with indignation.

"Yes, mother, he says I have taken money several times, and he would not hear me speak a word of denial," Willie said, between his sobs.

"I will go to him—he shall listen to me—and I will demand his proofs," Mrs. Campbell said.

And putting aside her sewing, she left the room to get ready.

"Don't grieve, dear. All will come right before long," she said, kissing Willie, as she started on her painful errand.

An hour after, she returned with a sadder face. She brought no comfort back.

"He has no proofs, my son; yet circumstances are against you. He says that there are times that you have been left alone; that, in making up the cash account, they have found frequent discrepancies; and he has perfect confidence in every other one employed about him. They have been with him a long time, and this thing has happened only during the last two months."

"Oh, mother, what shall I do? You don't doubt me?"

"I would as soon doubt your father's honesty as his orphan boy's. No, Willie; I know you are innocent, yet we can do nothing save to pray to God and trust in Him. He will, in his own good time, make all right, my Willie."

Poor boy! He tried hard to keep up good courage, and went again in quest of employment. From day to day—from place to place he went.

"Where have you been employed? Have you a recommendation? Why did you leave?" were the inquiries everywhere.

The embarrassed manner and faltering tongue of our poor Willie condemned him with all.

At last discouraged, and almost heart-broken, he gave up. Never very strong, his health failed visibly, until a low, nervous fever set in. The doctor was summoned, gravely shook his head, and gave but little hope. All through the delirium of fever he would continually beg everyone not to believe him guilty, and, in piteous tones, recount the story of his wrongs. Then, in moments when his mind was clear and calm, he would say:

"I had better die, mother. There is nothing now to live for."

"For me, my darling! Live for me!" the mother would cry.

"I would only be a mortification and sorrow mother. No one will ever trust me again. So I could never help you more."

And hovering between the two shores for many days, he lingered, with no longer moments free from delirium.

At length the time when life and death would soon be decided came. Willie was sleeping.

"When he awakes we shall know whether God wills to take him, or that we shall keep him," said the kind doctor.

* * * * * *

John Barker was just stepping from his office when one of his clerks entering, said—

"Willie Campbell is dying, I have just heard."

"Of what?" Mr. Barker asked,

"Some brain disease. He has not been well since he left here, I believe."

John Barker went on, his mind a little troubled.

"I might have dealt more gently with him. Perhaps it was his great poverty that tempted him. I might have saved him."

With these thoughts in his mind Mr. Barker reached home. His wife was waiting tea for him. He had promised to return early, to meet several friends.

"Come into the supper-room and see the table before you go into the parlor," Mrs. Barker urged.

Her husband's eyes rested with a surprised expression on the table.

Almost every article of china and glass on it he had never seen before.

"Borrowing again, Clara?" he said, with a disapproving look.

"No; no more borrowing now. These are all my own," his wife said, smiling.

"A present! From whom, Clara?"

"Not a present, unless you will please permit me to consider these beautiful things a present from my husband. Your money paid for them, John."

"I don't understand you. Please explain quickly, Clara. We are keeping our friends waiting our coming."

"John, you know how long ago I begged you to give me these really necessary articles. Well, you thought you could not spare the money. I knew you could, that you would never miss what they would cost, and you have not.

"You are just as well off to-day, and I am a good deal better. I took the money," she said, with a doubtful smile, "from your money-drawer from time to time, all within the last two months or so, and so I got my beautiful china, and——"

She raise her eyes to see if John was vexed.

She had let them wander over the table during her explanation, dreading a little lest he should be displeased.

"John, what is it? What is the matter? Are you ill?" she cried, as he stood looking paler than she had ever seen him before.

"Speak to me, John! What have I said or done so dreadful?" Clara cried.

"God forgive you and me, Clara! I fear we are little less than murderers in His sight. Excuse me as best you can to our friends; I must hasten to the bedside of Willie Campbell. He is dying, I hear. I believed him the one who had taken the money that purchased those things, and so discharged him, with the brand of dishonesty upon him. I must go, lest I be too late."

"Forgive, forgive me!" Clara cried.

"Pray to God for that and his young life, Clara," John Barker answered, as he hurried off.

* * * * * *

Watching beside the sleeping boy, with the physician and his mother, stood John Barker. Willie had slept long. A sweet, quiet sleep it had been, and hope grew strong in his mother's heart.

A slight movement caused all eyes to turn anxiously towards the bed. With a gentle sigh Willie opened his eyes. "Mother," he called, in a low, feeble tone.

Instantly she was beside her boy, her hand clasping his.

His eyes sought the doctor's; a wan smile parted the pale lips, and he whispered:

"I want to live now, doctor; help me. I've had such a blessed dream! All will be right soon, mother."

Mr. Barker had drawn back in the shade.

The doctor, who knew all, then said: "Go, speak to him; he can bear it. It will do him good."

Softly Mr. Barker drew near.

"Forgive me, my boy," he cried.

"It's all right," Willie whispered.

"My boy, did you ever think how it might be? I mean for whom you suffered?" Mr. Barker asked, deep emotion in his tone and manner.

Willie nodded his head and murmured:

"But I never breathed it. Not even to my mother. How could I?"

"There you must be quiet now. Go, and get him something good to eat. Not another word."

Willie was obedient.

But they saw the wasted hands clasped; the great, dark eyes raised heavenward, and knew Willie was thanking God for His mercy and goodness.

Yes, Willie lived. And after a couple of weeks of convalescence, went with his mother to make the long-wished for visit.

Mr. Barker paid him for every day since his discharge, with the increase hoped for at that unhappy time.

And then Willie went back to the office to become an universal favorite.

Everyone seemed anxious to contribute in some way to his happiness, and atone for ever having doubted him.

And to Mr. Barker, who has no son, Willie is becoming almost as dear as if he was his own boy.

Clara joins her husband in all his kindness, ever anxious to atone for the sorrow she had caused poor Willie.

HUMAN glory is not always glorious. The best men have had their calumniators, the worst their panegyrists.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

TO REMOVE MOLES FROM THE SKIN.—Lemon juice rubbed on the moles will often greatly diminish if not entirely efface them.

FOR DIPHTHERIA.—For this disease a correspondent recommends one teaspoonful of table salt and one teaspoonful of powdered alum in a cup of water sweetened with honey—to be used as a gargle for the throat every half hour or oftener.

THE easiest and simplest remedy for chapped hands is found in every one's kitchen closet, and is nothing more than common starch. Reduce it to an impalpable powder, put in a muslin bag, and keep in the table drawer. Whenever you take your hands out of dish water or suds, wipe them dry with a soft towel, and, while yet damp, shake the starch bag all over them and rub it in. The effect is most agreeable.

BEGIN the effort of curing an ingrowing toe-nail by simple application to the tender part of fluid perchloride of iron. This will dry up or bare the centre surface. Permit this hardened flesh to remain two or three weeks, when it can be easily removed by soaking the foot in warm water. Do not cut the nail at the corners, but curve it in the centre, and scrape the top very thin with a piece of broken glass. This will make the corners fly up, and the nail will thereafter grow flat.

FAMILY GLUE.—We make our glue in the following way: Crack up the glue and put in a bottle; add to it common whisky; shake up, cork tight, and in three or four days it can be used. It requires no heating, will keep for almost any length of time, and is at all times ready to use, except in the coldest of weather, when it will require warming. It must be kept tight so that the whisky will not evaporate. The usual corks or stoppers should not be used. It will become clogged. A tin stopper, covering the bottle, but fitting as closely as possible, must be used.

FOR a burn or scald use glycerine or cotton wool, or tie it up in oiled silk. For stings of wasps or bees, use sweet oil. For chapped hands, use glycerine every night. For chilblains, soak the parts in hot water, and rub with spirits of turpentine. For toothache, hold a piece of rock alum in the mouth. For sore throat, a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper in a tumbler of water, and gargle the throat. For hiccoughs, put a drop or two of vinegar on the tongue. For ringworm, rub with borax dissolved in a little water. For bleeding cuts, bind round cotton wool.

A VALUABLE LINIMENT.—The following receipt was recently given us by a gentleman who "handles" horses, and who is well versed in the ills to which horse-flesh is an heir: Procure one ounce each of wormwood (the herb) and arnica flowers and one ounce of saltpetre, and put them in a wide-mouthed bottle, adding to them one pint of rum. Keep the bottle corked, and use it in case of cuts, bruises, or any injury whatever to the flesh of horses. It allays pain and inflammation and heals the surface. It is a most valuable liniment for use in the stable, and should always be kept on hand by those having horses.

THE ROOM OF A BEAU IN 1762.—Tradescant's chamber was spacious, luxuriously fitted up, and so arranged as to serve the purposes both of bedroom and morning room. At the further end, on a superb French bed, with a rose-colored canopy and curtains, and supported by large downy pillows edged with lace, lay the young prodigal. Near the couch stood a large Japan screen. But notwithstanding the richness of the furniture and decorations, great disorder reigned within the room. Thus a pink silk domino and mask, tossed upon a sofa by their owner on his return from a masquerade, had not been since removed. Articles of attire, in velvet and silk of the gayest colors, were lying scattered about near the open wardrobes, and so were rich Mechlin shirts and cravats. Half a dozen perukes appeared to have been tried, and for some fault or other cast aside. In one corner was a collection of gold-headed canes and walking-sticks; in another a pile of swords, several of them with handsome handles. Here was a dressing-table, with all its appliances in crystal and chased silver. Beside it was a large cheval glass, wherein our young beau could survey his fine figure from head to foot. On the chimney-piece was a magnificent Louis Quinze clock, and on the other side of it some magnificent specimens of Sevres china, while on the right and left of the hearth were two great porcelain jars. The walls were covered with portraits of popular actresses, intermingled with pictures of prize-fighters, cock fights and famous race-horses.

NATIONS WITHOUT FIRE.—According to Pliny, fire was a long time unknown to some of the ancient Egyptians; and when Exodus (the celebrated astronomer) showed it to them, they were absolutely in rapture. The Persians, Phœnicians, Greeks and several other nations, acknowledge that their ancestors were once without the use of fire, and the Chinese confess the same of their progenitors. Pompanion, Mola, Plutarch and other ancient writers, speak of nations who, at the time they wrote, knew not the use of fire, or had just learned it. Facts of the same kind are also attested by several modern nations. The inhabitants of the Marian Islands, which were discovered in 1551, had no idea of fire. Never was astonishment greater than theirs when they saw it on the desert Magellan, in one of their islands. At first they believed it was some kind of animal that fixed to and fed upon wood. The inhabitants of the Philippine and Canary Islands were formerly equally ignorant. Africa presents, even in our own day, tribes in this deplorable state.

THE manufacture of silk was more than one thousand years in traveling into England from the shores of the Bosphorus. It had been practised four hundred years in Italy before it crossed the Alps.

OUR sorrows are like thunder-clouds, which seem very black in the distance, but grow lighter as they approach.

Tapeworm! Tapeworm!

Removed alive, with head complete, in from two to three hours. No fee till removed, by Dr. KUNKEL, No. 259 N. Ninth st., Phila. Seat, Pin and Stomach Worms also removed.

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PHILADELPHIA
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DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

One of the most difficult questions parents are called on to settle concerns the particular training each individual child requires. No two of a dozen children in the same family agree in disposition, in ability, in taste and inclination. Each has his idosyncracies and his special gifts, which render special treatment necessary. One boy has a passion for farming, his brother delights in music, still another brother enjoys using tools and solving mathematical problems. What folly it would be to subject these three boys to the same curriculum of study, and expect in this way to make the most of them as men. Not what we put into a boy's head educates them, but what we draw out of it.

Education is a process not of cramming, but of development, and wise are those parents who, understanding the abilities of their children, suit the training each receives to his special requirements. "My parents were very anxious I should be a minister," said a gentleman the other day, "and in obedience to their wishes I entered the ministry after the usual three years at a theological seminary. But I found myself entirely out of my element; I was born with any amount of executive ability and love for heavy business. So when I was satisfied that I was out of place I left the ministry and went to banking." "My parents," said another, "determined to make me a worker in iron and brass; I served a regular apprenticeship, and had the opportunity to go into business, but I had a perfect passion for teaching dancing, and resolved to do so." That gentleman has been very successful in his profession as a dancing teacher; has won a fine reputation as a man, and amassed a handsome fortune. "After twenty-five years of constant teaching, I never," he says, "enter my hall to instruct my classes without a delightful consciousness of doing what I like most to do. I have spent thousands of dollars in learning to draw and paint, with a view to teaching these branches, but I was born to teach dancing." As an iron worker, is it likely this man would have succeeded in life?

It is not easy in a multitude of cases to tell exactly what particular talent a boy or a girl possesses. We must wait for time to develop his or her special gifts, and while so doing give the best general training in our power, shaping the child's course in the direction in which it seems most probable he will be successful in winning the desirable things of this life, and so winning them as not to lose in the life to come.

BY-AND-BYE.

There is music enough in these three words for the burden of a song. There is a hope wrapped up in them, and an articulate beat of a human heart.

By-and-bye. We heard it as long ago as we can remember, when we made brief but perilous journeys from chair to table, and from table to chair again. We heard it the other day, when two parted that had been "loving in their lives," one to California, the other to her lonely home.

Everybody says it, some time or other. The boy whispers it to himself, when he dreams of exchanging the stubbed little shoes for boots like a man. The man murmurs it—when in life's middle watch he sees his plans half finished, and his hopes, yet in bud, waving in a cold, late spring. The old man says it when he thinks of putting off the mortal for the immortal, to-day for to-morrow. The weary watcher for the morning, whiles away the dark hours with "by-and-bye—by-and-bye."

Sometimes it sounds like a song; sometimes there is a sigh or a sob in it. What wouldn't the world give to find it in the almanac—set down somewhere, no matter if in the dead of December—to know it would surely come. But, fairy-like as it is, flitting like a star-beam over the dowy shadows of the years, nobody can spare it—and when we look back upon the many times those words have beguiled us, the memory of that silver by-and-bye, is like the sunrise of Ossian, "pleasant but mournful to the soul."

When two young people start out in life together with nothing but a determination to succeed, avoiding the invasion of each other's idosyncrasies, not carrying the candle near the gunpowder, sympathetic with each other's employment, willing to live on small means till they get large facilities, paying as they go, taking life here as a discipline, with four eyes watching its perils, and four hands fighting its battles—whatever others may say or do, that is a royal marriage. It is so set down in the heavenly archives, and the orange-blossoms shall wither on neither side the grave.

FLYING.

BY MAGGIE L. S. BUNER.

O, bird! soaring lightly, on buoyant wing borne,
With wonder I watch thy bright plumes, All worn
By life's weary marches, I envy thy flight,
And long, sweet, with thee, to seek fair realms of light.

In dreams yesternight, I was flying like thee,
And my soul seemed expanding, like thy wings, brightly free:
With a strange, reckless joy, soaring far from earth's clod,
Lightly swimming in ether, I seemed nearer to God.

Once earth was so dear, had an angel's bright wings
Been mine for the asking, life's glamour that flings
Heaven's joy in the shadow, would have blinded my eye
To the bliss; I was then far too happy to die.

But now—well, at most, life is scarcely as fair;
For e'en as my brow it is wrinkled with care;
And had I thy wings, like thee, bird, to soar,
I'd seek 'mid the stars for some heaven blest shore,
Where love is eternal, where truth is supreme,
And God giveth joy such as thrilled through my dream.

HOW TUMBLEBURY'S DOG WAS STOLEN.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES.

"Di, Di; come here, Diamond—nice old fellow—what a beauty, and notwithstanding his age, as perfect a Skye as I ever saw. Where did you get him, doctor?"

"Stole him."

"What! pshaw, you're joking."

"No, indeed, sober truth, my boy. No one can become fully sensible of the innate wickedness of the human heart until the overwhelming power of temptation drives him to take advantage of his neighbor."

Dr. Barnesley was a stout, middle-aged, genial gentleman, a practitioner of reputation, a citizen of distinguished social position, and yet—he thus unblushingly confessed to the low, vulgar theft of stealing a dog.

"Well, as you seem not only astonished but interested, and as I don't think you'll give me up to justice, especially when I tell you that the case is now, as I believe your craft express it, 'barred by the statute,' I'll tell you all about it."

Lighting a fresh cigar, the doctor continued:

"I never owned a dog in my life, had no desire to possess a dog, and scarcely knew the difference between a mastiff and a Skye terrier. And yet I conspired to steal a dog, and stole it—and that stolen dog is the one whose appearance is the one you have so highly complimented—lying on the rug at our feet.

"It was in this wise, I had been in the habit for several years, on my occasional holidays, of going some distance out of town, getting my dinner at a quiet suburban tavern which, ten years ago, when this event occurred, was celebrated for its excellent cooking. One day as I was about leaving, the landlord came in laughing very heartily.

"'Such a good joke, sir. Stop a minute, and I'll tell you. You know little Baggies that comes here sometimes?'

"'Always has two or three dogs with him?'

"'Yes, sir, that's the chap.'

"'Well, what of him?'

"'Such fun, sir, you've seen that beautiful Skye pup of his, with the hair all over his eyes?'"

"'Yes, but I was not aware it was a Skye. What then?'

"'Baggles bought him of one of them chaps who stands around the Custom House steps, a and wears a coat with big pockets, and generally has a little dog peeping out of each of them. Well, about ten days afterwards, as Baggles was going down Chestnut street with his dog, up comes a red-faced man, and says he to Baggles: "My name's Tumblebury, and that's my dog." "No, it ain't says Baggles," taking the animal up in his arms, "it's mine; I bought and paid for him." "I don't care for that," says Tumblebury, "it's my dog, and I'll have him." "No you won't," says Baggles. "Oh, won't I," says Tumblebury, and he holloas to a policeman, and has Baggles arrested and taken to the station. Well, old Tumblebury proved beyond doubt that the dog was his. Baggles had to give him up and was minus the dog and fifteen dollars out of pocket. How he did swear. And what do you think he done, sir, to get even with old Tumblebury? Why he got the chap he originally bought the dog of and another fellow to steal the dog back again; and they done it, and Baggles has got the dog now over in Jersey, or somewhere out of the way.'

"Here the landlord went into a fit of laughter at the smart trick. I was amused myself, and went out much impressed with Baggles' talents in the dog line.

"On the way home I met my friend Kentley, a man who always begins the conversation when he meets you, by saying 'Well, what's the news?' My latest information being this dog story, I told it to him just as I got it from Robinson, the landlord of the Blue Bells. Kentley laughed heartily as I had done, and we parted.

"The next day, about three o'clock, when I was settling myself for a quiet after-dinner snooze, there came an impatient ring at the door, and thinking my professional services were required, I started up hurriedly, when in walked my friend Kentley.

"'Such a good joke, Doc,' was his greeting the moment he entered the room.

"'Well what is it? I enjoy a joke.'

"'I knew you would. You remember that dog story you told me yesterday?'

"'Well?'

"'After I left you, I stopped in White's drug-store, still grinning over the cleverness of Baggles in regaining his dog. White said, "Something funny, sir?"'

"'Well, yes, rather,' and I told him the story. But I had scarcely got to the end of it, when old White seized his hat and bolted out into the street, as if he had gone mad—got the hydrophobia, you know, over a dog story. Presently he came back, and now what do you think made him bolt that way?'

"'Don't know, I'm sure.'

"'Why he's an intimate friend of old Tumblebury, and he ran round to tell him how his dog had been stolen.'

"'You surely didn't mention my name in the matter?' I asked, rather anxiously.

"'Well, to tell the truth I did. I said you heard it from what's-his-name of the Blue Bells, but that makes no difference, *you* didn't steal the dog?'

"'No, very true but one don't like——'

"I was going to say being mixed up in what might be an unpleasant affair, when there was a tremendous ring at the door, and presently the servant entered, closely followed by a very choleric-looking individual, about fifty years of age, and evidently very much excited.

"'My name's Tumblebury,' he said, in a loud voice, as if expecting to be contradicted, 'and I understand that you know all about the stealing of my dog. Ahl this gentleman here,' pointing to Kentley, 'told my friend White, the druggist, that you knew all about it.'

"'Really, Mr. Tumblebury, I know nothing about it beyond the mere story that the landlord of the 'Blue Bells' told, and which, it seems, through the thoughtlessness of this gentleman, you already know and have seen fit to mix my name with it.'

"'Very well, sir; if you won't tell me I'll have that Baggles arrested again, and bring you in as a witness; I'll see if you won't tell,' and old Tumblebury rushed down stairs like ill-regulated thunder, banging the door after him.

"'Now,' I said to Kentley, 'you've got me into a nice scrape?'

"'Oh, it's only a joke,' he said, laughing.

"'Joke! I decidedly object to my name appearing in the papers in connection with a dog-stealing case. Remember, as a professional man, I can't afford it. It's all very well for you. You lawyers don't care.'

"'Good-bye, Doc.,' said Kentley, laughing. And *I banged* the door as he went out, in no very pleasant mood. The next morning the first person who called on me was Robinson, of the "Blue Bells."

"'Old Tumblebury's been out to see me sir,' he began, awful mad, 'and I told him I didn't know anything about his dog. You see Baggles is a good customer of mine, and I should be sorry to offend him.'

"'That's all very well, Mr. Robinson, but if I am subpœnaed as a witness I must tell all I know.'

"After some further conversation, Robinson said, as he left me:

"'Well, sir, I mean to stick to it that I don't know anything about it, and my advice is, don't you know anything about it neither.'

"The thing began to look serious and I was really annoyed, when the servant announced White, the druggist. The dog case again, I was sure. White had come to say that the dog had been registered. Tumblebury had gotten out a warrant for Baggles, and was going to put him through such a course of legal sprouts as would make his (Baggles') hair curl tighter than the dog's. That he had looked high and low for the dog, and not being able to find him, had resolved to arrest Baggles, and summons me and others to give evidence against him. Learning from White that this step was to be taken at once, I hastily bid him good morning; and thinking to avoid the disagreeable affair, I determined to go out of town for a day or two until it had blown over. I went down to Gloucester, and the very first man I saw as the boat landed, was Baggles, and what was that object in his arm? Was it—by jove, it *was* the dog—Tumblebury's dog—the dog Baggles had stolen—the dog of all my troubles and anxiety! As I walked up the street a sudden ideal perhaps I may be able to persuade Baggles to do what's right and restore the dog to Tumblebury—Tumblebury! Can I believe my eyes? Am I bewitched and haunted, a victim to second sight, or what? I had scarcely mentioned the man's name to myself when he stood before me. He was evidently on the search for his dog, and by the merest chance had missed Baggles.

"'You know all about my dog,' he burst forth, on recognizing me, 'and I'll have you——'

"'One moment, Mr. Tumblebury; when do you return to town?'

"'In fifteen minutes, and——'

"'Mr. Tumblebury, even before you return I may be able to give you some satisfaction.'

"Before he could reply I was off in search of Baggles, and judging from that festive young gentleman's antecedents, I made at once for the largest hotel. Arriving, what do I see frisking on the pavement before the door? Baggles' dog—Tumblebury's dog! Another sudden idea; this time a grand one. There was no one about—no one but an old lady, and she was not looking. I picked up the dog, tucked him under my coat, and ran for the ferry. Tumblebury was there, evidently on the lookout.

"'There's your dog,' I said, as I threw the animal at him.

"'What, you don't mean——'

"'Oh, yes, I do—but don't tell any one who got him for you.'

"'Never, sir, never; thanks, many thanks,' shouted Tumblebury, and the boat moved off.

"Thank heaven, that's ended," I said to myself; "and now I'll enjoy a comfortable dinner, and return to town.

"Two days afterwards it was highly gratifying to receive a note from Tumblebury, with a request that I would be good enough to accept the dog as a present. 'I didn't care so much about the dog himself,' he said, 'but I disliked to be beaten, and as you got him back for me you can have him.'

"The dog was a pretty little fellow, and I sent a reply, saying that I was very much obliged indeed.

"My happiness was now complete. I had adroitly avoided an exposure and learnt a new pleasure, for little Di soon became a great favorite, and was my constant companion. One day, about a month afterwards, I was surprised by a visit from Baggles, and there followed him into the room a curly-haired dog—a very twin of Di.

"'Good morning, doctor; passing by, thought I'd drop in and show you that I've still got my dog.'

"'Nonsense,' I said; 'you don't mean to say that that is Tumblebury's dog?'

"'No,' said Baggles; it is not Tumblebury's dog now, it's mine; but that is the dog that Tumblebury had.'

"'Oh, you're joking. Look here—here's the dog Tumblebury had;' and I opened the door into the adjoining room and called Di. The dog immediately ran in.

"'Why, what on earth does this mean?' said Baggles; and I saw he was seriously puzzled. I told him the whole story, how I had picked up the dog before the door of the hotel in Gloucester; how I had restored it to Tumblebury, and how Tumblebury, in gratitude, had made me a present of the animal. Baggles stared for a moment in amazement, and then burst into a fit of laughter from which I thought he would never recover. At length he said—

"'Do you know what you have done?'

"'What do you mean?' I asked.

"'Why, *you have stolen the wrong dog.* This is the dog that was Tumblebury's that I have, and that animal of yours—why it's the dog that the old lady lost.'

"'Old lady!'

"'Yes; an old lady who was stopping at the hotel in Gloucester. She was in an awful stew about it, and offered twenty dollars reward for it.' And Baggles went into another uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"But I'm afraid I've bored you," said the doctor, as he concluded. "I never heard of Tumblebury or the old lady again. Di is still here, very happy, and I am sure you must be convinced that he was stolen with the very best intentions."

STUDIES FROM MY WINDOW.

BY H. WATSON FLEMING.

No. 2.—"A HOUSE TO LET."

Very nearly opposite to my window there is a house which was for a long time uninhabited. It was not a palatial residence, but a pleasant little place, just suitable, I thought, for a newly married couple to commence their mutual happiness and share each other's sorrows and surprises in.

I should think nearly every one who needed a house came down to look at that one. I watched them from my window, and calculated my chances of having them for neighbors. There were elderly ladies, wearing gold spectacles, who criticised the steps and the window-frames, and looked contemptuously over the way at *our* steps and at *our* window-frames. I fancied what a slushing and a swilling there would be if *they* came there to live. But they always wanted something off the rent, and, thank goodness! these critical old ladies never became my neighbors.

There were others who wanted the house moved to the other side of the street, and some who closed all the shutters to look at the effect under those melancholy conditions. I knew, if they came, that the house would be always hermetically sealed, and that God's sunshine would never enter there, and I wondered how it could be that youthful cheeks were allowed to fade for the need of it, to save some treasured carpet or fancy knick-knack from fading beneath its glow! But these shadowy people did not come either, and I breathed again.

There were women with children, and women with pet poodles—sometimes I thought the poodles had the greater share of love and tenderness. There were young couples who looked confused and seemed to have no mind of their own, but exquisite confidence each in the other's view. They were newly married, or yet to be wed, I thought.

Amongst the latter class were a young couple whom I liked from the very first. She was young and innocent, and loved him, any one could see. He was tenderly affectionate. They seemed to live within each other, and although they came several times, I noted no change in their manner or demeanor.

They rented the house, and ther furniture came. It was new, but very plain. I will not say how much they had, or how little, it was no concern of mine; and I much dislike the fashion that prevails of criticizing one's neighbor's goods. It amounts pretty much to coveting them, if they are worth coveting, and despising them if they are not.

The young couple commenced their housekeeping, but it seemed to be a sharp struggle with them. He was poor, evidently, and she, perhaps, had acted against the wishes of her friends, and clung to him faithfully and affectionately.

After a time, their poverty became more marked. He seemed to have commenced his married life by losing his situation; but they never complained, and it was only by accident that we knew of their condition.

Then a time came when the rent could not be paid, and those whom no man should put asunder were parted for a time.

I had formed a slight acquaintanceship with them, and had sometimes tendered my advice and sympathy. He told me that they could never make ends meet, somehow, and his darling was going back to her friends.

"I cannot bear to see her want," he said, the tears flashing in his eyes. "Perhaps I may struggle through it. Perhaps we may never meet again, but I think it will be best."

The house was "to let" again, and other tenants came, but in my mind it was always associated with Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and I often wondered if they were reunited.

It must have been five years afterwards, I think—my window had been the theatre of many little interludes between—when the end of this study came.

To my surprise I noted the familiar faces opposite. The house had been vacant for a week. There was no mistaking them. My couple had returned.

Robert Gray came over the road to me, and took me cordially by the hand.

"You see, sir, we are back again."

"I am glad to see you united once more," I said.

"Yes, sir. It was a hard struggle, but I have accomplished it."

"I am very glad."

"I left the city when she went back to her relatives. I worked very hard, and for very little, but I was successful, sir, and I think we love each other more dearly because we have seen so much sorrow already. Agnes said she should like to commence life again amid the old associations, so I came to look at the house, and it was untenanted, and I have purchased it now, so it is her very own, for I have handed the deeds to her."

Thus their first mistake was rectified. Robert and Agnes Gray had married too soon—too hopefully—without the proper means for their support. They had their bitter lesson in the result; but now, their love tested by a long absence, I think they are the better for it.

The house over the way is always quietly cheerful, and if there is a skeleton in it, it is the remembrance of their former poverty, which has brought its good results.

Affection.—On the proper and complete exercise of the affections alone, the best happiness of life depends; and as the meanest scrap of gauze, of bead, or of tinsel, looks beautiful and costly through the reflecting mirror of the kaleidoscope, so does the most common and dreary scene acquire attraction and value when beheld through the beautifying medium of gratified affection.

SINCERE PEOPLE.

One of the most refreshing things in life is to encounter perfect sincerity. In this diamond-cut-diamond world one rarely meets with the article. At least five-sixths of the people who seem to be frank and candid are merely hypocrites, who wear what they conceive to be a serviceable moral livery as a cover for selfish or sinister purposes. The Mrs. Candours and the Dr. Cantwells of real life, who profess to lay open their whole hearts before you, do so not unfrequently to throw you off your guard, hoping in this way to obtain an opportunity of looking into yours. It is not necessary to be insincere with such people to meet their guile with dissimulation and baffle them at their own game. The sincere man can deal with them effectually, without resorting to any kind of strategy. Give them, when you speak at all, straightforward home-truths. Nothing puzzles and discomfits them so sorely. Hear what they have to say of themselves, and if necessary give them your opinion of it as plainly as language will convey it; but give them no information of your own affairs in return. To do that would be to barter gold for dross, honest coin for base metal.

Sincerity is not incompatible with prudence. It is necessary to be true to one's self, as well as to be sincere in one's intercourse with others. Whoever wears his "heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at," is sure to have it pecked at by something worse than daws. Perhaps the best way to ascertain whether a seemingly open-hearted individual is in earnest or playing a part is to listen and say little while the unbosoming process is going on; for as surely as the crotalus unwittingly betrays itself by its rattles, so surely will the human snake-in-the-grass give you, in his twistings and windings, some involuntary warning of his venomous designs.

But when you find sterling candor, tempered with caution, repay it in kind; make friends with it, trust it, wear it in your heart of hearts. Two men who possess these qualities in due proportion are each worthy of the other's confidence, and a friendship between them can hardly fail to be deep, durable and advantageous to both. Pick out from all the world as your confidant the sincere man, whose tongue is true as truth itself, when he chooses to use it; but who has sagacity enough not to let it wag when his own honest interests or yours require its silence.

HOW THE CHINESE MAKE DWARF TREES.

We have all known from childhood how the Chinese cramp their women's feet, and so manage to make them "keepers at home;" but how they contrive to grow miniature pines and oaks in flower-pots for half a century, has always been much of a secret. They aim first and last at the seat of vigorous growth, endeavoring to weaken it as far as may consist with the preservation of life. They begin at the beginning. Taking a young plant (say a seedling or cutting of a cedar) when only two or three inches high, they cut off its tap-root as soon as it has other rootlets enough to live upon, and replant it in a shallow earthen pot or pan. The end of the tap-root is generally made to rest on the bottom of the pan, or on a flat stone within it. Alluvial clay is then put into the pot, much of it in bits the size of beans, and just enough in kind and quantity to furnish a scanty nourishment to the plant. Water enough is given to keep it in growth, but not enough to excite a vigorous habit. So, likewise, in the application of light and heat.

As the Chinese pride themselves on the shape of their miniature trees, they use strings, wires, and pegs, and various other mechanical contrivances, to promote symmetry of habit or to fashion their pets into odd, fancy figures. Thus, by the use of very shallow pots, the growth of the tap-roots is out of the question; by the use of poor soil, and little of it, and little water, any strong growth is prevented. Then, the top and side roots being within easy reach of the gardener, are shortened by his pruning knife or seared with his hot iron. So the little tree, finding itself headed on every side, gives up the idea of strong growth, asking only for life and just growth enough to live and look well. Accordingly, each new set of leaves becomes more and more stunted, the buds and rootlets are diminished in proportion, and at length a balance is established between every part of the tree, making it a dwarf in all respects. In some kinds of trees the end is reached in three or four years; in others ten or fifteen years are necessary. Such is fancy horticulture among the Celestials.

THE SMALL-WAIST FURORE.

There is no doubt that a "small waist" is admired of all men and all women. No matter how the physiologists or the physicians may talk, women have always compressed their waists and expanded their skirts, and they always will until public opinion pronounces for the heavy figure. It has never influenced a fashionable woman yet to hear that the Venus de Medici has a large waist—she has been told so ever since that faultless image of female beauty was disinterred. She merely shrugs her shoulders and draws her lace tighter. She knows very well that if she went to a ball with that figure of the Venus no man would ask her to dance. So important a matter is it to have a small waist that it has become a matter of pride to the Austrian people, and is often mentioned in the court journals that the Empress of Austria is celebrated for possessing a waist which only measures sixteen inches. This is a greater nobility than even the possession of sixteen quarterings on your shield, without which you cannot be admitted to the best society of Vienna. "Sixteen," therefore, is a magic number at Vienna. There are many persons, to be sure, who have as small a waist, but they have not the height and contour and becoming fulness which the empress has. Nor is the "small-waist" furore alone confined to the women of civilized lands, so-called. The small foot of the Chinese women is a local peculiarity; the small waist, or the striving for it, is universal. Even grave Humboldt describes the beauties of Java as eating a sort of clay called *ampo*, by which they become very much reduced in size. It kills them finally, but what of that?

Only our cradle-songs, only those old cradle-songs, sounding back on the memory, soothe the sorrowful soul to slumber when it has wept itself hot and feverish.

News of Interest

Seven thousand girls are employed in the silk factories of New Jersey.

The establishment of aquaria at Long Branch, Cape May, Atlantic City and Newport, similar to the celebrated one at Brighton, England, would add greatly to the attractions of the places and prove pecuniarily profitable.

At the late convention of the American Institute of Homœopathy, held at Niagara Falls, June 9th, it was stated that there are in France 4,000, in Germany 500, Great Britain 400, Italy 200, and in the United States nearly 6,000 practitioners of this school.

The granite soldier, who is to surmount the National monument at the battlefield of Antietem, has been completed, and is claimed to be the largest figure in sculpture out of Egypt. He weighs over thirty tons, and is twenty-one and a half feet high. The gun he holds is eighteen feet long, and his shoe three feet in length. The face is smooth shaven, except a heavy moustache, and is that of a resolute man.

The Great Landing Stage at Liverpool.—This structure, probably the most magnificent floating platform in the world, was recently totally destroyed by fire. It consisted of a large number of pontoons, having iron frames and wooden fittings, which in all aggregated a length of seven hundred yards, and a width of eighty feet. The structure was used as a place of debarkation and embarkation for the many steamships in the harbor. The timbers were creosoted or tarred, and it is believed that the gas arising therefrom became ignited, communicating the flames to the newly caulked deck.

A family scandal of mild type is agitating the household of ex-Queen Isabella of Spain. This good lady is sued by her butcher, baker and candlestick maker for the amount of certain little bills contracted during her administration of the affairs of the royal palace in Madrid. The queen's defence is that she is not legally liable, having contracted with her chief cook, who is, therefore, the responsible party. The chief cook, however, is hopelessly insolvent, and the plaintiffs rest their chances for success on the verbal promise of the queen to become his surety. The lady is to be put upon her oath to affirm or deny the truth of this alleged promise, and thus prove her own liability or freedom.

The Chinese servants in California are in the habit of posting on the cellar door or wood shed or pantry-locker little bits of red paper with a few Chinese characters on them. In this way they notify their successors of the character of their employers. A gentleman at Stockton, who had had trouble with his servants, recently engaged a new cook, but the man had no sooner gone into the kitchen than upon reading one of those insignificant bits of paper he turned and fled from the house. On being followed by the master, who asked what was the matter, he said: "Me no wantee here stop—woman here talkee bad—quick, long tongue—pay no monee—workee all day—me go." And he went.

A farm in California, consisting of 20,000 acres, has just been let for five years, at an annual rental of $40,000. The farm is stocked with 1900 head of cattle, 100 horses, 40 mules and 1500 hogs, costing the lessee, with crops, the sum of $74,250. Heavy farming that. But out there they have sheep ranges of 100,000 acres, with flocks numbering from 60,000 to 100,000 head, while there are farmers who boast of wheat crops amounting to 50,000 and 120,000 bushels. Cattle raising, once a prominent interest, is going down. The vineyard and dairy interests are continually growing, both being conducted on the very extensive scale which appear to characterize farming operations in that region. The receipts of wheat at Stockton on one day recently amounted to 1495 tons.

A Crowing Hen.—All along the border between England and Scotland a crowing hen is regarded as a portent of death. A few years ago an old woman in the parish of East Kilbride heard one of her hens crow near the house. She mentioned the circumstance to a neighbor, saying that no good would come of it. Not long afterwards her husband died. A month passed by, and once more she heard the fatal sound, which was followed in a few days by tidings of the death of her son. A week later the hen crowed again, and the eldest daughter died. The old woman could stand this no longer. In her desperation she seized the unlucky fowl, wrung its neck, and threw it into the fire. Wiser people have burned men and women with less show of reason.

Hung Thereby to a Tail.—The Jardin d'Acclimatation in Paris has recently added to its attractions six fine giraffes, which were installed in their new home only the other day. During the process one of them escaped and took flight down one of the broad walks, hotly pursued by all the persons who happened to be present, including several of the directors of the garden. Their president, M. de Ste. Hilaire, was fortunate enough to come up with the runaway beast and to seize it by the tail. The giraffe pulled and M. de Ste. Hilaire pulled, but the tail stuck firm, and for a few minutes the directors present had the pleasure of beholding the edifying spectacle of their president suspended helplessly to the caudal appendage of the giraffe aforesaid. However, the animal's progress was speedily checked, and he was deposited safely in his pen with the others.

One Hundred and Thirty Years of Filth.—There was the queerest case in the Court of Queens Bench in London during the first week of the present month. The owner of a gin shop at Bishopsgate died in London in 1745, and by his will left the establishment to his heirs on condition that neither the house, nor the shop, nor the office be ever cleaned, and that no guest shall be served more than an ounce of liquor at a time. If these conditions be broken, the devisees were to lose the property. This extraordinary will has been scrupulously complied with, and filth, dirt and cobwebs have now accumulated on the premises for the last one hundred and thirty years without even being disturbed by either brush or broom, soap or towel. It is said that the present appearance of the place surpasses all belief, and its extraordinary condition seems to be a source of wealth, as it is visited by a large number as an astonishing curiosity.

TRUE STORY OF LITTLE BO-PEEP.

BY IDA FAY.

All the bright eyes that read this story will have read before the excellent stories of that charming old lady, Mother Goose; and very few, if any, there will be that have not read the verses that recount the straying away of little Bo-peep's sheep, the anxiety she suffered on their account, especially in regard to their tails, her remarkable dreams, and the subsequent safe return of the wanderers. This is all of little Bo-peep's history that is recorded in the verses, and that is all that is generally known of her. But I know more; I can tell her whole history if I choose, and I do choose, because I don't think it right that any part of the history of so famous a person should be lost to the world.

How I came to know it doesn't matter. Perhaps a bird, whose great-great-grandmother lived in Bo-peep's day, and had handed the story down to her descendants, whispered it in my ear; or, perhaps, one of the fairies, the good little folk who never grow old and die, you know, but live serene and happy always in their shady bowers, gathering together all the pretty stories and songs that are afloat in the world, told it to me; or, perhaps, my own great-great-grandmother may have been a maid of honor at the very court where little Bo-peep afterwards—But, dear me! if I go on in this way I shall have told you the whole story before I think of it. So I'll begin at the beginning, in the proper way.

Once upon a time, when the world wasn't old and gray as it is now, but everything under the sun was new and bright, there lived a little girl named Bo-peep. She resided in a little black cottage in a lonely, out-of-the-way place; but no one thought of being lonely there, for the cottage fairly swarmed with boys and girls.

They were not Bo-peep's own brothers and sisters; her mother had died when she was a baby, and her father had married again, and all these children who filled the cottage to overflowing were her half-brothers and sisters. They were rude and selfish children, and her stepmother was harsh and unkind; so that, between them both, little Bo-peep led a sorry life. All the drudgery of the house was put upon her to do; and she had only one old, gray, homespun frock, for week-days and Sundays alike, while her sisters had always two or three smart frocks, and yards and yards of gay ribbon to deck their hair.

As I said before, all the drudgery was given Bo-peep to do; but now and then, in the autumn, when her brothers were at work in the forest, and it was too cold and windy for her sisters to go up on to the hills, she was sent to keep the sheep. And those were happy days for Bo-peep. She wrapped herself in her plaid, and never minded the cold and the wind, she was so happy to be away from her noisy, quarrelsome brothers and sisters.

One cold, dreary day, when the trees were all bare, and the brown leaves were dancing hornpipes with the wind over the highways and the fields, and the grass was getting so brown and dry that the sheep could find only now and then a little patch of green to eat, Bo-peep sat on the bleak hillside, wrapped in her plaid and with the crook on the ground by her side, watching her sheep, and at the same time trying to knit, though her fingers were numb with cold. All at once the clang of a horn sounded through the valley. Bo-peep rose to her feet, and shading her eyes with her hand she looked off in the distance, and saw a band of horsemen, all in green hunting-suits, with waving plumes in their hats, riding along the highways. It was the king and his courtiers, Bo-peep knew at once—nobody else rode to the chase in such state; and she ran down to the foot of the hill and hid behind a low evergreen tree, and waited for them to pass, for she wanted to see the king—the young king who had just succeeded to the throne, and who was so beloved by all the people. And he was well worth looking at; a comelier young king the sun never shone upon. At least, that was what little Bo-peep thought as she peeped through the thick foliage of the evergreen tree. He was so tall and straight, and his cheeks were as red as apples, and his forehead so white, and he looked so good and amiable, yet so brave withal.

And he on his part was thinking. "Surely, a comelier little maiden the sun never shone upon!"

For, while little Bo-peep, in her eagerness to see, forgot that she might be seen, the evergreen tree, which was much too good-natured and unselfish to wish to hide so much beauty, let its branches blow softly aside and disclose little Bo-peep's face, flushed rose-red with the cold and with eagerness, her brown eyes shining like stars, and her tangled brown curls blowing about in the wind. And when she saw the king's eyes upon her, and would have run away, what did the evergreen tree do but catch her plaid so fast in one of its branches that she could not stir. And while she stood there, blushing scarlet, and almost wishing the earth would open and swallow her up, she felt so ashamed to have the king and his courtiers see her in her ragged homespun frock and her faded plaid, the king took off his plumed hunting-cap and bowed as low in his saddle as if she had been a duchess; and when they saw the king, all the courtiers saluted her in the same way, though they all looked very much astonished, and some of them turned up their noses at the idea of bestowing so much attention upon a little ragged shepherdess, caught in a tree by the roadside.

Some of them even went so far as to sneer and make jesting remarks aloud; but the king checked them with a haughty frown.

He was very silent and thoughtful, as he rode on; and every now and then he cast a backward glance towards the evergreen tree. And all the courtiers noticed that the merry mood he had been in before they saw little Bo-peep had entirely vanished.

In the meantime, little Bo-peep had torn herself away from the evergreen tree, and run up the hill as fast as she could. But, alas! when she reached the top, little Bo-peep found she had lost her sheep. No trace of them was to be seen, far or near. She strained her eyes till they ached looking off in the distance, and she strained her ears to catch the tinkle of the sheep-bells; but in vain. Then she ran all over the hill, and around it in every direction, with her heart growing heavier and heavier every moment.

Down in the valley there lived an old hermit, of wicked and malicious disposition, who amused himself by cutting off the tails of all the sheep who ventured near his dwelling, and hanging them up on trees. What if her sheep should come wandering home and leave their tails behind them? Little Bo-peep sat down on a stone, and wept as if her heart would break. Oh, if she had only stayed and watched her sheep, and not gone down to the roadside to see the handsome young king!

But the thought of the kindly manner in which he had smiled on her, and his gracious bow, comforted her a little, and her tears ceased to flow; and by-and-by she fell asleep there on the bleak hillside, with her head resting on the ground and her crook tightly clasped in her hand.

When she awoke she did not know what to do. She did not dare to go home; but night was fast coming on, and it was bleak and cold on the hillside. Bo-peep picked up her crook, and went down into the highway and wandered along, not knowing where she was going, nor where she should find shelter for the night. All at once, at the moment when her strength seemed about to fail, and she was ready to despair, that clanging horn sounded through the valley again, and this time there was a faint, tinkling sound mingled with it, that sounded like her own sheep-bells.

Very soon the gay party of huntsmen appeared in sight; and before them came flocks of sheep, driven by the king himself—Bo-peep's own sheep. And there were their tails, all safe and sound, in their proper places.

Bo-peep forgot, in her joy, to be shy or afraid. She looked neither at the king nor the courtiers. She hugged her silly old sheep, who came flocking about her, and answered her cry of joy with loud baas. And when, at last, she did look up, she saw that the king had dismounted from his horse, and was standing with his cap in his hand, bowing low before her.

He told her how they had met her sheep a long distance away, wandering along the road; and how he had known them to be hers at once, because he had seen them on the hillside when he passed that morning; and how, in spite of the ridicule of the courtiers, and their displeasure at losing the hunt, he had insisted upon driving them back, because they were hers. And while Bo-peep, whose shyness had all come back again, was curtseying and murmuring her thanks, with rosy cheeks and downcast eyes, he took her little brown hand in his own white, royal hand, and asked her to be his queen!

And little Bo-peep, after giving one shy glance into his face, to see that he was not laughing at her, dropped another demure little curtsey, and said "yes."

Then the king set her on his own horse and walked himself by her side, the sheep going before; and in that way they rode up to the door of the little cottage. And out came her father and mother, and all her brothers and sisters, to see the wonderful sight—Bo-peep sitting on the king's horse, while the king himself walked by her side! When the king told them that she was going to the palace, to be his queen, they were all struck dumb with amazement, and did not scorn and laugh at her as little Bo-peep expected; and before they recovered the use of their tongue, Bo-peep was on her way to the palace, still in her tattered homespun gown and her faded plaid. And when they were exchanged for velvet and ermine, the king said she looked no sweeter than when she had kept sheep on the hillside and peeped through the evergreen tree to see him ride by.

But the courtiers thought differently. They who had sneered at the little shepherdess were ready enough to do homage to the dainty little queen who ruled them all so royally.

And the king never regretted the day when he drove little Bo-peep's sheep home to her—for she was a loving and loyal little spouse, and the noblest and wisest queen that the kingdom had had for many a year.

OUTWITTING A FAIRY.

BY E. H. MADDEN.

Many and many a year ago, before the clanging church bells of Sweden had frightened the funny little dwarfs upon the hills, the elves from the groves, and the beautiful mermaids and mermen from the lakes and rivers, a farmer lived in his simple cottage near the site of a hill.

He had lived here a long time, quite content with raising corn and vegetables upon the plain portion of his farm, without disturbing the hill. But at length the spirit of enterprise reached even that quiet spot, and one spring morning the farmer began to plough up the hillside.

He had scarcely ploughed a single furrow, when a dwarf stepped out from behind a rock and confronted him. He was a strange-looking creature, very diminutive in stature, very hump-backed, with a wonderful crooked nose. He wore a gray jacket, and a tall red cap, of the fool's-cap style, ornamented with a tassel of gold. He held a drawn sword in his hand, and his comical features were very much distorted with rage and fury.

"How dare you come and plough on the roof of my house without my permission?" he demanded, ferociously.

"I'm sure," replied the farmer, in a soothing tone, "I was not aware that this hill was your house. I have lived here a great many years, and never saw you before."

"Well, you know it now?"

"Yes; I am delighted to make your acquaintance. But it seems foolish to let this ground lay idle, when it might be made profitable to us both. Permit me to plough and sow and reap upon the hill, and one year you shall have what grows above the ground, and I will take what grows under, and the next year you shall take what grows under, and I what grows above."

The hill dwarfs were doubtless less crafty than the human race, and as the one now alluded to could see no reason why this proposition was not quite fair and honorable, he readily assented to it. The farmer brought out a huge pitcher of beer, and the dwarf drank his health, draining the pitcher at a single draught, and they parted amicably.

But the wily farmer took care to plant the hill one year with corn and the next with potatoes—giving the unsuspecting little hill-man the roots of the corn and the tops of the potatoes.

As the dwarf appeared entirely satisfied with the arrangement, they lived together in great harmony ever after.

"CALL ME PET NAMES."

BY A. R. H.

Ask me not, darling, to call thee "a bird,"
Sweet though thy song be at eventide heard,
Captive, I never could list to thee sing,
Free, thou mightst ever be trying thy wing.
Tenderly seek thou another "fond word;"
Ask me not, dearest, to call thee "my bird."

Ask me not, darling, to call thee "a flower,"
That wastes its soft perfume on air and on shower;
That lures the wild bee and the butterfly bright;
That weeps with the tears of the dew-driven night;
That droops when 'tis borne from its own native bower;
Ask me not, dearest, to call thee "my flower."

Ask me not, darling, to call thee "a star,"
Whose brightness I worship, aloof from afar;
A fair one, though distant, coquettish and free,
Whose smiles beam on others as well as on me;
Who ne'er could be wooed from the heaven afar;
Ask me not, dearest, to call thee "my star."

Fondly, my darling, I'll call thee "mine own,"
Mine only, mine ever, in true "love's low tone,"
Thrilling, as first from my bosom it came,
Tell me, where is there a sweeter pet name?
Stars set, flowers fade, the birdling is flown;
But ever, forever, shalt thou be "mine own."

DOWLAH, THE SNAKE-CHARMER!

OR,

THE MAID OF CAWNPOOR.

A Mystery of India Beyond the Ganges.

BY ORPHINIA R. CHARNOCK.

[This serial was commenced in No. 6, Vol. 34. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XIX.

"No glitter of gold on her slender wrist,
No gem in her rosate ears;
But a youth and a beauty all divine,
In the face of the Christian maiden shine.
And her gems are the soldiers' tears."

An aggravating trial awaited Cora Wilson. The little bit of twisted paper that the Snake-Charmer had flitted against her dress, and which she managed to gain without being observed, contained, as she had suspected, a message to herself. It was written on the finest tissue paper, rolled up in a pellet, scarcely larger than a pea, and this was protected by a piece of tin-foil that had evidently formed the outside covering of some tobacco.

When she opened and examined it, she saw to her dismay that it was written in cyphers, and as a consequence she was unable to read a word of it. After she had looked over it several times, she carefully folded it up and concealed it in the bosom of her dress, with the conviction that somebody had committed a serious blunder, in sending her such a piece of writing without enclosing also a key to it. Reflection, however, convinced her that there must be such a key with or about the paper. Perhaps it was stamped upon the tin-foil, and only a little search was necessary to discover it.

But the night was so far advanced that she was no longer able to decypher the characters written thereon, and as no lights were furnished the prisoners, she could only wait until morning. It would be hard to realize how excessively trying this disappointment was to one in her situation, and, in spite of the dreadful scenes through which she had passed, this seemed the longest night of her life. She was too nervous and excited to sleep, her great fear being that the cyphers contained something which it was important she should understand before morning. Very probably, the Snake-Charmer had adopted some plan of action, the success of which depended upon immediate attention, and she kept on the watch for several hours, in the expectation of hearing something from him.

The moon shone faintly, and she was able to recognize him as he passed back and forth in front of the door. About nine o'clock he was relieved, and that was the last she saw or heard of him for some time.

Through three-fourths of the night, Cora Wilson was utterly wretched, in her nervous watchings, and the great disappointment she felt at not being able to unravel the meaning of the cyphers for some hours to come, and the doubt she experienced about being able to unravel its mysteries at all. Finally, when the morning was well advanced, she sank into a fitful slumber, disturbed by the most vivid dreams.

Most of them, as might be supposed, were about the paper, which she still held concealed about her person, and in some way or other they bore upon the great difficulty she experienced in reading it. After her brain had been tossed by the oddest jumble imaginable, she finally dreamed that in one corner of the paper itself was the key for which she was seeking. It consisted simply of a sign and word, thus:

"⊥ A LETTER."

"But how am I to read this solution, which is a puzzle itself?" she exclaimed, in her sleep; and then all at once it came to her, that instead of attempting to read the jumble of letters as they stood, and which were all connected in one string, she should take, in every case, the next letter in order as it occurred in the alphabet. Thus, when she saw "*a*" she was to substitute "*b*," and when "*b*" was written she was to translate "*c*," and so on to the end.

In her imagination, she was about opening the twist of paper for the purpose of applying the key, when she awoke, and found that it was light in the Subada Kothee and her fellow captives already stirring.

Her first proceeding after regaining consciousness, was to draw forth the paper and examine it, as well as her trembling hands would permit. The very first thing that caught her eye was the sign and letter, precisely as she had seen them in her sleep—

"⊥ A LETTER."

She stared wonderingly at it for a moment, and turning it again, applied it to the jumble of letters upon the other side; in a few minutes she succeeded in translating the note from beginning to end:

"Hurried back from Ceylon, reached the Mahamuddy coast early in July; hired a native fisherman, who agreed to conduct me to Allahabad. Stole two of the fleetest horses in the country, rode them nearly to death; swam the river, hid in jungles, fought some of the devils every day, pulled through in safety, reached Allahabad on evening of 5th; guide left me. The next man I met was Dowlah, who expected before this to meet me at the mouth of the Mahamuddy with you. He brought intelligence of the fall of Cawnpoor, and the massacre in the boats. General Havelock is stationed here with a large force, and had received similar word from Sir H. Lawrence four days ago. He had previously sent nearly a thousand men, who are now on their way; to-morrow he, himself, starts with another force. *I go with him; we expect to be to Cawnpoor in a week.* Keep a good heart, I hope soon to be with you. Dowlah carries this note; he has pledged me that he will remain in Cawnpoor to look after your safety until our columns reach the city. God bless you, my own.

"NED."

For a time Cora supposed that this was all, but a careful examination of the tin-foil revealed the following letter, scratched into it evidently by the Snake-Charmer himself, although there was no signature nor date attached:

"*You get this to-night; to-morrow I take you away. You cannot stay. Be ready.*"

This was all, but it was enough.

Here was food for hope, and Cora felt as if a mountain weight had been lifted from her heart. Her lover had written the note at Allahabad, less than a hundred and fifty miles distant, and it had been brought ahead of the military forces that had started for Cawnpoor.

"Several days have passed," she said to herself, "and General Havelock must be close at hand. He may be here to-morrow—perhaps to-day—hark! what is that?"

Just then, while there was a lull within the room, she heard the disbtant oom of cannon—a faint, far off irregular rumble, as if a battle was going on miles away.

"They are fighting now," she exclaimed; and then unable to keep the good news to herself, she told all around her that General Havelock was coming to their rescue—that only for a few days more at the farthest would they be compelled to remain where they were.

In the midst of their rejoicing a tall form stalked in among them, and advancing to where Cora stood, motioned to her to follow him.

A number who saw the proceeding, wondered at the readiness with which she followed the Sepoy, when they were certain she was to be led to the palace of Nana Sahib, there to suffer outrage worse than death; for it is an established historical fact that the Rajah offered to spare the lives of a number of the prisoners, on condition that they would become his wives, and it is also equally established that in every case the noble-minded women spurned the proffer and accepted death instead.

But Cora did not move to leave the Subada Kothee until she recognized in the features of her guide, Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer. She followed unhesitatingly, but at the same time she could not help believing that it was just as well for her to remain; for, despite the sententious warning in the Sepoy's note, it seemed to her that if General Havelock was so close at hand there could be no necessity for leaving the building, which would be one of the first places visited and protected by the advance of his army.

Dowlah passed out of the building unquestioned, until he was about to turn away, when he was accosted and stopped by a fleshy subahdar known as Basik, and who was one of the most infernal fiends in Cawnpoor. He had been especially active in killing the defenceless fugitives in the boats, and had himself despatched a number of women and children, who knelt and clasped his knees while they besought him to have mercy. Possessing some authority, he took a devilish delight in tormenting and insulting the helpless prisoners, and was dreaded and feared by them almost as much as Nana himself.

He instantly demanded of Dowlah what he meant by taking the fairest prisoner of all out of the building. The Snake-Charmer knew that the subahdar was a favorite of the Nana, and it would not do to disregard his authority, so he replied respectfully that he was conducting her to the presence of the Rajah. Basik had just come from his chief, and knowing this was a falsehood told Dowlah as much, adding that if he did not turn back at once he would cut him down with his scimetar. This roused the devil in the Snake-Charmer, who snapped out a revolver, and swore he would shoot him dead if he obstructed his way any further. The frightened subahdar stepped aside and permitted the two to pass, while a murderous light gleamed in his snaky eyes.

Dowlah knew what he meant to do. As soon as he had completed some official duties he would hasten to the Nana and report the proceedings, and demand that the audacious Sepoy should be punished, and very probably his wishes would be carried out.

So the cunning native headed him off, and going straight to the presence of the Rajah told him such an audacious and exasperating falsehood (the purport of which was that while he was conducting the most beauteous maiden of all to the presence of Nana the subahdar took her by force from him) that the Sepoy chief had Basik shot down before the wretch could find out whereof he was accused.

CHAPTER XX.

I will on,
And be it where it may, I have my dagger,
Which may protect me at a pinch.
—*Byron.*

The cunning and readiness of resource displayed by Dowlah, the Snake-Charmer, had saved him and his charge by a hair's breadth; but even as it was he had undertaken a task whose difficulty far surpassed even his expectations. Having stalked forth with Cora, who was known to be the most beautiful of all the prisoners, and meeting the encounter, as related, with the wretch Basik, it was impossible that his movements should not be seen and known by a great many.

In addition to this, Nana Sahib himself had ordered him on leaving his presence to bring Cora to him, and the wily Sepoy fully realized the terrible undertaking he had upon his hands. There was but a single diversion which it seemed to him was in his favor, and that was the rapid approach of General Havelock. All were aware that he was but a short distance away; that he had been fighting continually for a week, and had steadily borne down all opposition, until the Nana himself was making ready to go forth and annihilate the presumptuous Englishman. This being the case, there was no hope that the Hindoo would give over all thought of other matters until he should have conquered the Europeans, and that Dowlah would gain the opportunity to remove his charge to some place of safety until all danger should pass, for the shrewd Asiatic was no more certain of his existence than he was that General Havelock would be in Cawnpoor within the next four days.

It will be remembered the face of Cora Wilson had been carefully stained the dusky hue of a native, besides which her Hindostani bodice and turban added to the deception, and a stranger encountering her upon the street would have sworn that she belonged to the same race with the guide whom she was following.

Dowlah had left her in an unfrequented street in the city while he hastened to the presence of the Nana, and here she had slowly walked back and forth until his return, none of those passing and repassing suspecting her identity. When Dowlah had put "leaven" in Nana regarding Basik, and was certain that it was working as he desired, he hurried back to where the fair fugitive was waiting and hurriedly said:

"Do not walk beside me, but act as if you knew me not. Keep a dozen feet in the rear, and when I turn into a place walk beyond, come back again, and do as I did."

Cora signified that she understood and would regard his request as she fell back the required distance, and the tall Snake-Charmer strode off at a leisurely gait, as if he had nothing particular to occupy his mind.

They were in the native portion of the town of Cawnpoor, where the streets presented quite an animated appearance, and people were constantly coming and going in every direction. The girl was wondering what scheme her guide had in his head, when he suddenly paused on one of the corners and commenced singing a strange, wild, monotonous song, that sounded more like the humming of some peculiar machinery than like the human voice. Instantly the people began collecting around him, and Cora, remembering her instructions not to approach him too nigh, paused on the outer boundary, and viewed the actions of her friend with as much curiosity as any of the gathering crowd.

The buzzing continued but a few minutes, when a glossy, dark-colored serpent was seen to glide out from beneath the coat of Dowlah, and straightway began a series of twistings and collings about arms, legs and neck, gliding over and around his face in the most affectionate manner. There was a certain grace in the movements of the reptile that seemed to be peculiarly attractive to the natives who were looking on, but which caused a shuddering horror upon the part of Cora, who like the majority of mankind, could never teach herself to look upon a serpent with other than feelings of utter loathing and disgust.

All at once there was a hum of surprise among the crowd, and they fell back from the Snake-Charmer, as if in fear of something. Well might they do so, for from some portion of his capacious garments there issued a bristling *cobra-di-capello* that wound round and round the extended arm of the Snake-Charmer, gradually nearing his face, while he swayed the arm back and forth, up and down, round and round, never intermitting for a moment the buzzing, humming sound that seemed so pleasing to the other reptile still crawling and disporting itself about.

The *cobra-di-capello*, as is well known, is one of the most venomous of serpents; it is estimated that hundreds die every year in India from the bite of this reptile alone. It belongs to the genus *naja*, and when it made its sudden appearance upon the arm of Dowlah, it was noted that its hood was erect, a sure indication that it was angry and excited, and in an exceedingly dangerous mood.

Still the man continued curving and circling his arm, looking steadfastly at the head of the snake, as it gradually neared his face, and buzzing in that monotonous way, as if his life was dependent upon hushing it to rest within the next few minutes.

But something was clearly wrong with the cobra, whose head continued to bristle as it frequently paused in its convolutions, and drew back its horrid head as if to strike the swarthy face that was within such tempting reach.

Dowlah was as cool and self-possessed as if the venomous reptile was a rod distant from him; but he never once removed his black eye from the bead-like orbs of the snake, nor did he cease the humming which appeared to be the only means of keeping back the death blow.

There appeared to be a general belief among the crowd that the Snake-Charmer's life was in imminent danger, and they instinctively fell back, so as to avoid a blow from the same quarter, for none knew better than they the tremendous power and lightning-like swiftness of the cobra's blow.

Although to Cora this scene was entirely new and strange, yet she could not fail to see in how great peril her friend was placed, and her interest became painful in its very intensity.

It would be impossible to depict the hush of awed expectation that fell upon the audience, now numbering several hundred, as the cobra paused half between the elbow and shoulders of Dowlah, and with its head drawn back, and its hood distended to the widest extent, appeared to have resolved upon burying its surcharged poison-fangs into the cheek of the Sepoy, who was thus affording enjoyment to the lookers on.

Still the swarthy face remained as immobile as when pacing along the streets, with no danger impending. Cora asked herself what it all could mean.

Dowlah was known to every one of those present as the most skillful snake-charmer in Cawnpoor; was he now, when making only an ordinary exhibition, to lose his life before them all? Had he carried this pet horror around with him so long to receive death from its fangs at last? The pitcher may go to the well once too often, as now seemed to be the case.

All at once a murmur of terror was heard, and Cora, whose eyes remained glued to the horrifying spectacle was barely able to follow the wonderfully quick blow of the cobra, as it suddenly drew back its head, and shot it out like a bullet, striking Dowlah fairly upon the cheek.

Even then the Snake-Charmer preserved his presence of mind, and grasping the writhing reptile around the body, he held it off in such a manner that it could not repeat the blow, and called out:

"Let no one follow me; I go to Bathoo to die!"

With this, he turned away and strode up the street, the crowd remaining chained to the spot, and none daring to disregard the command of the Snake-Charmer not to follow.

None, excepting Cora, who, hardly conscious of what she was doing, walked rapidly for some distance, when she saw her guide turn down a narrow street with the cobra still grasped in his right hand, and the smaller serpent crawling rapidly over and around his shoulders, as if it comprehended that something was wrong.

She had hardly time to catch sight of him again when he turned suddenly and entered a low wooden building upon the left. Following him a mechanical way, she observed as she reached the spot that the door was open; she supposed that Dowlah had done this unintentionally in his excitement, and was about to pass by, when he called her to come in.

As she obeyed the door was shut quickly, and there stood the erect figure of the serpent-charmer, face to face with her, and with both reptiles withdrawn out of sight.

"Follow me," he added, wheeling about, and leading the way along a narrow alley-like passage for a hundred feet, when they debouched into an open court in the centre of which was placed a Hindoo idol. It was fully twenty feet in height, and represented the god Bathoo, a horrid monster, with six arms, four legs and an enormous head, daubed and painted to the last degree of hideousness. Its eyes were made of glass and were as large as the head of a man. Its grinning mouth, reaching from ear to ear, was like that of a gigantic skeleton, filled with fully a hundred jet black teeth in the shape of spear points. It was in a sitting position, resting upon a large pedestal, which, with the lower portion of the body, was covered with crimson and spangled drapery. Altogether, it was a sight such as would have shocked the nerves of a strong man and lived as a vivid terror in his memory for years.

But Cora could not forget Dowlah, and turning to him she said: "Have you brought me here to see you die?"

He smiled in his strange way, as he assured.

"Not yet; do you see that?"

And drawing forth the struggling cobra from beneath his coat, he forced apart its jaws, showing its red cavernous interior.

As the girl recoiled in alarm, he said: "'Twas a trick I taught him. He has no fangs, and the blow he gave harmed me not as much as the prick of a pin in the hands of my lady!"

CHAPTER XXI.

I will provide against
Aught that can touch you.—*Byron.*

With the extraordinary statement of the Snake-Charmer, the native wit of Cora Wilson enabled her to see at a glance the whole explanation of the trick. Dowlah had been, and was still playing a desperate game. He felt, indeed, that he had gone too far, and when Nana Sahib should come to know the part he had played that morning, there could scarcely be a doubt but that he would have him put to death on the instant. The crafty old fiend could not be deceived by any fiction the Sepoy might originate. Consequently, the Snake-Charmer determined to die—that is, to all appearances. So the performance which he gave in the streets was a daring *ruse*. He had purposely irritated the *cobra*, until it had struck him full upon the cheek, and then, like a man who considered his death absolutely certain within an hour, he had announced, in a loud voice, that he was going into the presence of the Bathoo to die, and forbade any one to follow or look upon him while he prostrated himself before the hideous idol.

When a few hours later Nana Sahib should come to institute inquiries for the Snake-Charmer, he would be told he had been stung by one of his own cobras, and had died in the presence of the sacred Hindoo idol, Bathoo, and henceforth the Sepoy ruler would think no more of him. Then he would be left free to pursue certain plans, which had already been conceived in his fertile brain.

Bathoo was the private idol of the wretch Basik, who had already perished at the command of the Nana, and this was, or rather had been his home, for knowing of a certainty, as he did, that the English would be in Cawnpoor within the next three days, he had sent his wife further inland, with a number of other families, that had taken great alarm when they heard the distant boom of General Havelock's cannon.

Cora, resembling a native so closely, had walked along the street and followed after the Snake-Charmer, without attracting the attention of any one, so that the stratagem, up to the present point, had worked with as perfect success as the author of it could possibly desire.

But now what was to be done?

"The English are near at hand," said Dowlah, as soon as he felt certain the two were alone. "They will be here in a few days."

"Then would it not have been as safe for me to remain where I was with the other ladies until they should rescue us," replied Cora.

The swarthy face of the Sepoy grew blacker as he compressed his thin lips, and slowly swayed his head several times from side to side.

"When Nana Sahib finds he must leave Cawnpoor, he will first kill every European woman and child in the city, and he will send a dozen of his scouts to search for you, for he loves you, and will miss you more than all the others."

The dark eyes of Cora Wilson dilated, and she recoiled with a gasp of horror, as she comprehended these awful words. She reached out one of her hands and grasped the corner of the idol to keep from falling,

Dowlah quickly but gently lifted her hand. He was a Hindoo, and could not permit such an act by a Christian.

"How do you know that?" she asked in a faint voice.

"I know the man, and I have heard him say he would do so. Had you remained you would be put to death with the others."

"Then, Dowlah, why did we not bring some of the rest with us? There is poor Miss Wheeler; can you not bring her here?"

Again that dark, impenetrable look passed over the face of the Sepoy, as he swayed his head in his solemn way.

"To bring others here would make certain the death of both. It cannot be done. 'Twill be hard enough to save you alone; but for the dye upon your fair cheeks, you would have been hunted down in the streets as you came along; think no more of those you have left behind you in the Subada Kothee, for you will never see them again."

"I am ready to follow your commands," she replied, almost stupified with horror at the tidings she had heard from his lips.

The girl had noticed before this, that the space surrounding the idol was about fifty feet square, and that the houses which made the enclosing walk of this court were unfurnished with windows, so that to look upon or to worship the god Bathoo, it was necessary to enter by the passage way which had been used upon the present occasion. The true Hindoo would not commit the profana-

tion of permitting himself, or any members of his family, to gaze in idle curiosity upon such a sacred object.

Dowlah explained, as he led the way into an upper apartment of the house of the late lamented Rasik, that she must remain here until the English entered Cawnpoor—that under no consideration must she show herself upon the street until certain the deliverers had come, nor must she permit her curiosity to lead herself into an appearance at the front of the building where she was liable to be seen and noticed from without.

There was nothing in the house in the way of food, but upon the lower floor were found a number of jars of water, and Dowlah promised that in case the morrow night should come without bringing the English, he would bring her food, although she protested that there was no necessity.

Having completed all his arrangements, and having taken Cora to the apartment in which she was expected to remain for some time to come, the Snake-Charmer turned to leave, but paused at the door, and stood a moment as if debating some matter in his mind.

"I will be back in half an hour," he said, "then I will go and remain for a long time, and when you look upon my face, you will not know me."

Which she understood as being his way of saying that he meant to disguise himself very thoroughly before presenting himself for inspection. Left to herself, Cora made as good an examination as possible of the quarters to which she had been assigned.

The house was very similar to the European structures in Cawnpoor, and varying little from those in other portions of the world. It seemed to be two stories in height, extending back for a long distance, and containing something over a score of rooms, connecting with each other by long halls, which during the residence of the owner had probably been furnished quite sumptuously, but the family had taken enough time in removing to carry very nearly all their effects with them, even to the awnings that had been suspended over the windows in front.

The room in which Cora found herself was devoid of all furniture, with the exception of a large roll of matting at one side, and a small stand—articles probably deemed too insignificant in value to be carried away. She took the liberty of partly unrolling the matting, and spreading it out upon the floor, leaving enough to serve as a pillow when she might choose to sleep.

Dowlah, in his search for eatables and drinkables, had found here and there a chair, a couple of which he brought into the room, and then the furniture was complete. There was but one window, which was directly front, overlooking the street below, and as it was unprovided with blinds, the warning of the Snake-Charmer against her showing herself at it, can well be understood.

He did not forbid her exploring the house, as much as she chose, probably not thinking it likely that her nerves would permit her to venture very far among its labyrinths; and left to herself, she sat down in her chair to collect her thoughts, and await the return of her friend.

Despite the excitement that one would naturally feel at the proximity of the rescuers, and at the proof she had received that her lover was so close at hand, Cora's thoughts were with the two hundred women and children that were in the Subada Kothee.

"Can it be that Nana Sahib possesses such a black heart as to put those innocent ones to death?" she asked herself, with a sigh. "How I wish that some of them were here with me! I would gladly run additional risk that some might be saved. Oh! such a crime! will Heaven permit it? Haste, oh, Havelock, with your brave men, and avert the awful fate that awaits them——"

She suddenly checked herself as she caught the sound of Dowlah's cat-like step, and looking up, he was standing before her.

There was no perceptible difference in his appearance, but she noticed that he carried a very large, and wonderfully beautiful bouquet in a tall cup of ornamented glass. Advancing to the stand, which sat against the wall, he placed it down very carefully in the middle, and faced about toward Cora, who had approached to take it, thanking him at the same time for his beautiful present.

But he waved her back, and said rather sternly:

"'Tis not for you, and I demand a promise—a sacred pledge."

"It is given," said she, readily.

"You now stand within six feet of the flowers. *Say that you will never approach any closer!*"

"I promise you that I never will do so until you are present to give me permission."

"'Tis enough, and now I leave you for a time, with my last message: *Beware of the flowers! Beware of the window!*"

And, without another word, he bowed, turned on his heel and rapidly vanished from view.

Once more Cora was left to herself, and she could not help reflecting upon the singular action of the Snake-Charmer. There sat the bouquet, fully a foot in diameter, like a variegated inverted cone, the lower portion resting in an ornamented tankard, and branching out above in all the colors of the rainbow. From where she sat she could catch the faint perfume that gradually filled the room, and the beautiful hues appeared to turn in upon each other, and scintillate like some wonderful pyrotechnic wheel until her vision seemed fascinated, as if she were gazing into the depths of the eyes of the *crotalus*.

"But I promised him that I would not approach it, and I will not," she murmured, as if she would strengthen a resolution that was already waning, through some strange spell of enchantment.

CHAPTER XXII.

For thou wast monarch born, tradition's pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.
—*Halleck.*

"*As, by the bounty of the glorious Almighty God, and the enemy-destroying fortune of the emperor, the yellow-faced and narrow-minded people have been sent to hell, and Cawnpoor has been conquered, it is necessary that all the subjects and landowners should be as obedient to the present government as they had been to the former one; that all the government servants should promptly and cheerfully engage their whole mind in executing the orders of the government; that it is encumbent of all the ryots and landed proprietors of every district to rejoice at the thought that the Christians have been sent to hell, and both the Hindoo and Mohammedan religions have been confirmed; and that they should as usual be obedient to the authorities of the government, and never to suffer any complaint against themselves to reach the ears of the higher authority.*"

The foregoing is an exact translation of the proclamation of Nana Sahib, dated at Cawnpoor, July 1, 1857. Several others were issued at or near the same date, and the originals of all of them are now in the possession of the authorities of Calcutta. Reports of the advance of the English had already reached the city, and the natives showed such signs of uneasiness that the Nana found it advisable to issue these bombastic bulletins, with the view of quieting their fears.

In the meantime he was continually receiving reinforcements, consisting of native troops from the surrounding country, who, having mutinied, made Cawnpoor a general rendezvous or gathering point, and by the 10th of July good authority gives 20,000 as the number of armed fighting men that were under his control. Made up in many cases of the most desperate wretches of the country, they became little more than a devastating, uncontrollable mob. They were constantly roaming through the city, plundering and depredating whenever the least opportunity of obtaining "loot," or booty, was afforded. Many rich Mahajuns were robbed and reduced to beggary, and the poorer classes did not escape. Every person who seemed to be in good circumstances was assailed and his house searched, under the pretext that he had Europeans concealed within it, but really for no other purpose than that of plunder.

The Nana saw that he would be compelled to endure a desperate fight to maintain his position, and he made every preparation for it. Fresh corps were raised and a new horse battery formed. The Zemindars all around were directed to bring in the revenue due by them; new offices were created for no reason than to bestow them upon favorites. The Ganges canal, built at an enormous expense, was given Azimoollah, who was, indeed, one of the blackest hearted wretches that figures in the history of the Sepoy Insurrection. It has been proven that this villain, with a hundred and fifty of the Mussulman troopers of the Second Regiment of light cavalry, and Tuka Sing, of the same regiment, were the main instigators in the Cawnpoor atrocities.

The barbarians showed the weakness of the civilized general for proclamations. Besides those already referred to, he scarcely let a day pass without issuing something intended to rouse their fanatical zeal to the boiling point. He caused to be proclaimed, by beat of tom-tom, throughout Cawnpoor and its districts, that the British had been utterly routed and scattered; that their reign in India had closed forever, and that none of them would dare show their faces again in Cawnpoor.

The Snake-Charmer had been gone scarcely an hour from the presence of Cora; she was sitting in the chair, looking upon the mystic bouquet, and speculating as to the strange actions of her friend, when she became sensible of a gathering turmoil in the street below. At first it sounded like the roar of the far off ocean, as the rush of the storm-swollen Ganges; after listening for a few minutes she arose to her feet and went nearer the window.

For a short time nothing but that dull, shuddering, indistinct roar could be heard; but gradually she could make out that people were shouting, and that they were slowly nearing the place where she stood.

"What can it mean?" she asked herself, more than once, as she listened in an attitude of intense attention. "Can it be that those are the hurrahs of English soldiers? Has General Havelock reached Cawnpoor? Can it be that my own dear Ned is mingling his voice with the rescuers?"

The thought that possibly such might be the case, almost overcame her. Pressing her hand to her heart, she leaned against the window frame, white and faint. But she quickly rallied, and an exultant light illumined her face as she added:

"Oh! kind Heaven, it must be so; the hour of deliverance is at hand! They will escape; they will not be punished; the Subada Kothee shall not witness their death; the poor widowed mothers shall yet be spared to their children——"

At this juncture she became sensible of a startling fact. In her excitement, she had advanced so near the window that she could look down upon the street below, and, as a natural consequence, she was visible to any who might chance to look up to where she was standing. The instant she became aware of the fact, she leaped lightly back, and the next moment cautiously returned and peered out, with the purpose of learning whether she had been observed. It seemed to her that in her position she could, by the exercise of ordinary care, look down upon the heads of those below, without any risk of being seen.

By this time the shouting had become more distinct, and, as Cora caught sight of the comparatively few people within her range of vision, she noticed that they were all gazing toward the west, the direction from which the uproar came.

"Why do they not flee?" she asked herself, as she watched the motionless figures. "Do they count upon the forbearance of the English after all their outrages? Do they believe there is greater safety with them than among their own people, or can it be that our rescuers are not coming?"

The latter thought almost overcame her again, and recalling that her pledge to Dowlah did not include the window, she determined to remain where she was until she learned the meaning of the uproar, which became more deafening every moment.

By-and-bye she caught the sound of the tom-toms, as they were vigorously hammered by the fanatic natives, and then several straggling Sepoys were observed walking along with the air always assumed by those who wish to impress the spectators with the fact that they are leading some important procession.

This told the story. No English yet; this exhibition was Sepoy from beginning to end.

A moment later, the heads of five elephants, covered with crimson and spangled cloth, came in view. They marched slowly along, side by side; upon the back of each was a gilded car, with a gaudy awning stretched above to shut out the rays of the sun, and the Nana and his favorites were reclining at ease beneath. Behind these gigantic beasts came five more, and behind them still five others—the fifteen carrying upon their backs some fifty odd satellites of the Rajah. In the front and rear rode perhaps a hundred cavalrymen mounted upon gaily caparisoned horses, while a score of others beating tom-toms at intervals, and pausing now and then, as one of their powerful lunged comrades shouted out the proclamation which stands at the head of this chapter.

Hundreds of Sepoys in all manner of uniforms, with native non-combatants, followed this Oriental procession, filling up the streets and pavements, and shouting themselves hoarse in honor of their ruler, who seated upon the central front elephant, looked smilingly down upon the small multitude beneath. Directly behind the Nana sat Azimoollah, also smiling, occasionally raising his head to return the salutations of the scores who were leaning out of the windows, and eagerly striving to obtain some recognition from the favored few who, by the strange freaks of war, had been made their rulers.

Looking down upon the motley crowd as it straggled by, a shudder passed over the fair, delicate girl, as she reflected what would be the fate of those whose welfare depended upon their tender mercies. Murderers, thieves, ravishers, idolators, fatalists, treacherous fanatics, hating every one of the Caucasian blood with a ferocity which can be likened to nothing but that of the famished tiger—such were they who were swarming beneath her window, and splitting their throats in wild adoration of the infernal miscreants swinging along upon the backs of the ponderous elephants.

Cora, it will be borne in mind was looking out of the second-story window, an elevation which was in reality very little greater than was that of those upon the elephants, and thus she was given a good view of each face as it passed by. She knew the Nana from the position he occupied in the procession and from the description previously given her, and it may be easily understood with what interest she scrutinized the round, rather good-looking face, the black eyes and curling hair, the light complexion and shapely mouth, the lips of which were constantly parted with a smile so as to reveal the white even teeth behind.

When he had gone by, her attention was arrested by the one nearest her upon the back of the rear elephant. His face was hideous in the extreme, and his small black, bead-like eyes were constantly flitting hither and thither, as if in search of some one upon whom to vent his tigerish temper.

Cora was attentively watching this individual with something of the fascination with which a timid person gazes upon the coiling rattlesnake, when he suddenly made a low, respectful salute, and with a consternation which can scarcely be described, she saw that it *was directed to her!*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GOOD QUALITIES.—Female loveliness never appears to so good advantage as when attired in simplicity of dress. No artist ever seeks his angels arrayed in finery—never decks his subjects of beauty with towering feathers and gaudy jewelry; and our dear human angels—if they would make good their title to that name—should carefully avoid too much ornamental display. These tinselries may serve to give effect on the stage or in the ball-room; but in daily life there is no substitute for the charm of simplicity.

A vulgar, perverted taste is not to be disguised by the glitter of gold and diamonds. The absence of a true taste, and real refinement or delicacy, cannot be compensated for by the possession of the most princely fortune. Mind may measure gold, but gold cannot measure the mind. Through the manner of dress the minds of individuals may be read quite correctly, like distinguishing the lettered page through the delicate fabric, tissue paper. A modest woman will dress modestly, and will appear to the best possible advantage in a moderate, becoming attire. A refined and intellectual lady will bear the marks of careful selection and faultless taste.

KILLING TIME.—There are plenty of people about town who exert themselves to "kill time," or wear away the dull hours, who find the task indeed a heavy business. Little is, indeed, usually a mighty work to them! There is not, perhaps, a man of whom it may be more truly said that he has his hands full, than one of those envied persons who have nothing to do; one who can live without toil, and has not character, or courage, or virtue enough to engage in the serious responsibilities of life. To such a one, the merest trifle is a bugbear of vast dimensions. To him, a molehill is a mountain. You often see such an imbecile grumbling at the pettiest obstacles, while another is toiling with vigor, alacrity, and success, over the real Alps that are thrown in the way of life's great journey. In deciding which of these two races of men has the hardest lot in life, we should reverse the common opinion, and consider the men of nothing-to-do as those who are overburdened with care. To such persons, killing time is often a task of more real dread than the slaying of the Lernæan Hydra.

LOVE OF MUSIC.—We believe that there is a love for music in every child born, and that if it disappears in after life, it is for the want of cultivation. Was there ever yet a baby who could not be sung to sleep? However this may be, to play some instrument is of more value to a man than at first sight appears. To the character it is a refiner. Music is the medicine of the soul; it soothes the wrinkles of a hard life of business, and it lifts us from the thoughts of money, intrigue, enterprises, anxieties, hatred, and what not, to a calmer, more heavenly frame of mind. To a man himself, therefore, the power to play is of no use. He may not always have a sister, wife or daughter to sing or play to him; he may not always be within reach of the opera and concert rooms; and then, too, half the enjoyment of music is gone when you cannot enjoy it as you list, and of what kind you need, gay or grave, as your fancy lies. It is an indulgence to a pure mind, and one of those few indulgences which are free from harm.

PUNCH.—The term "Punch," now so familiar to lovers of fun, is supposed to have been derived from Puccio d'Aniello, a Neapolitan peasant, who lived in the seventeenth century, and was famous for his humorous eccentricities. The character was transferred to the stage, where it continues to this day a local favorite. The English "Punch and Judy" puppet show was taken from the popular story connected with the character.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 33 letters.

My 5, 15, 22, 4, is what we endure in summer time.

My 30, 16, 9, is the principal light used in all large cities.

My 12, 25, 8, 30, 27, are useful in sickness.

My 10, 11, 29, 7, 13, is part of the human body.

My 18, 26, 33, 28, is part of a fork.

My 1, 2, 31, 6, 13, is a religious pamphlet.

My 19, 14, 17, 33, is part of a cow.

My 21, 16, 29, 24, is part of a house.

My 6, 10, 3, 25, 0, 5, is where all should love to go.

My 14, 17, 31, 33, 30 17, is a foreign fruit.

My 6, 32, 17, 6, 3, 20, is an amusement occasionally attended by all.

My whole is as true as gospel.

LITTLE ONE.

CHARADES.

1.

My first is a pet of the family;
Of my next there's a great variety;
My whole's a certain kind of fish,
By some considered a dainty dish.
GAHMER.

2.

My first has the sound of a place of instruction;
My second is used as a means of destruction;
My whole is a beautiful river's name,
And often I've bathed and fished in the same.
GAHMER.

METAGRAMS.

1.

My feet are four, on which I firmly stand,
Confronting ocean to protect the land;
And yet beneath the waves I often lie,
The unsuspecting ship's worst enemy.
Without my aid the lofty mountain chain
Would melt and crumble to the level plain.
Change but my first foot, and you give me two,
On which I strut and sing my "Doodle-doo!"
A feathered biped, typical of France,
Except in never having learnt to dance.
Gallic I am, and British, too, I trow,
Whenever Britain wants to pluck a crow;
A gallant bird, and if too loud a boaster,
I make amends as rooster or as roaster.

2.

An insect of the wing I be,
Although my feet are only three.
My third foot changed, I then have four,
Which, standing still from hour to hour,
Await your pleasure and your pain
With equal patience. Change again;
The chances are that, out of me,
Reverse of fortune you may see.
First I have much to do with honey;
Next with night-work; last with money.

WORD SQUARE.

1. A friend to all in winter time.
2. A metal used in every clime.
3. A certain measurement of land.
4. To gain this man has often planned,
GAHMER.

DOUBLE PYRAMID PUZZLE.

A pretty flower my first will name; an animal is my next, I ween; a girl's Christian name; an animal is my next; a consonant; a portion of time I am; to make amends I proclaim; my eighth will name to you a flower; what naughty boys deserve is my last. The central letters of the above, read down, will bring to your view a bird, I ween. R. CROSSLEY.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A bird. 3. An opera. 4. A gentleman's name. 5. A consonant. Centrals form an opera.
LITTLE ONE.

HIDDEN FISHES.

1. Charles had a bad fall.
2. At rehearsal money enough was collected to defray expenses.
3. Little Ella, come and kiss me.
4. It routed the entire army.
5. It was finished in the basso-relievo style.
6. I spent the summer at the Rock Bridge, Alum Springs.
7. Stay, Lord Elmo, and join our hunt.
8. Like Gilpin at the turnpike gate,
9. Come, Cæsar, dine with us to-day.
LITTLE ONE.

CONUNDRUMS.

ECHOES.

1. Of what has heaven given us an equal share?
2. What does a rumor often do when it flies?

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 14.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 8, Vol. 54.

CHARADE.—Moonshine.

ACROSTIC, No. 1.—1. Geneva. 2. Orestes. 3. Diana. 4. Irene. 5. Saco. 6. Lysander. 7. Orange. 8. Verse. 9. Elm. My whole, "God is Love."

ACROSTIC, No. 2.—1. Anna. 2. Lily. 3. Lee. 4. Saturn. 5. Water. 6. Evangeline. 7. Lilac. 8. Lizst. 9. Time. 10. Home. 11. Awl. 12. Tom. 13. Ere. 14. Nero. 15. Day. 16. Servants. 17. Walter. 18. Eve. 19. Lynn. 20. Love. My whole, "All's Well That Ends Well."

DIAMOND PUZZLE:

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    I
   ICE
  CLEAR
 ICELAND
  DBAVE
   END
    D
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REBUS.—Saturn. Love. England. Eve. Plutarch. Initials form "Sleep."

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.—A had 44 and B 55 sheep. (The only correct solution to this was sent in by Mr. Phil. Hoglan, Newcomerstown, Ohio.)

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because it often polishes a spoon. 2. Because they are always in the right. 3. Because he is a simple-ton. 4. One has the honey and the other the whacks. 5. When it's U! (nothing personal meant.) 6. Wedlock. 7. Lock-jaw. 8. Lock of hair.

TABLE DISHES.—1. Poached Eggs. 2. A Good Pla(i)ce. 3. Gooseberry Fool. 4. Caper Sauce. 5. Hasty Pudding. 6. Ice Cream. 7. Whipped Cream.

ENIGMA.—The letter T.

STRANDED.

BY JOHN POWER.

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,"
Said one whose lips were touched with living fire,
"Which leads to fortune." It is true, but then
Each life has tide-marks whence the waves retire.

We take the waters as they rise, and float,
Hope for a guide, across a sunny sea;
Each dancing wave that rocks our little boat,
Brings nearer to the port where we could be.

Some gain the haven that their spirits crave,
The tide may ebb, but they abide secure;
While some are stranded by the highest wave,
On barren beach, with bleeding wounds past cure.

The tide ebbs out that bore them to their fate,
And leaves them wounded, lone and desolate.

I have been stranded thus; my boat set out,
Freighted with hope and love to cross life's sea;
But waves have washed my precious cargo out,
And winds have shattered both my boat and me.

I had not skill enough to guide the boat,
I had not strength enough to use the oar;
So all my treasures on the water float,
And I am stranded on a barren shore.

I cannot lay the blame on wind and wave,
I might have journeyed safe with thought and care.
But I have lost the hope that made me brave,
Foregone the love grown holy as a prayer.
The tide ebbs out, and leaves me to my fate,
Weary and wounded, lone and desolate.

FACE TO FACE;

OR,

SINNING FOR HER SAKE!

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GERALD," "TWICE WON," ETC.

[This serial was commenced in No. 3, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOE FEELS HIS WAY.

Joe Lay, perfectly unconscious that his treachery had been discovered, crept back, when all was silent, to see how the fight had ended. Peeping through the bushes, his surprise was great to see the four keepers bound hand and foot, and tied each to a separate tree.

Joe might have released them. It would have been a pretty attention on his part. But he had no such thought. The idea certainly suggested itself, but he had an answer ready in his own mind.

"No, no," he said, to himself, "old Mark will know it's me, if I do. I've spoilt his sport to-night, and he's none the wiser for it. That's the way to work in the dark! I'm not sure it would do to brave him, though I have a hold on him, too. It might possibly turn out that Nat got off, and I got in, which wouldn't suit me at all. I think I'll go away from Lansdown, and keep quiet."

At this resolution, so often made, so often broken, Joe quickened his steps. He could hear the keepers grumbling together, but soon their voices grew faint and indistinct.

He passed the Point, looking back often. Once he fancied he felt a cold hand at his neck, but it was only some insect that had dropped from the trees, and he brushed it away hastily.

"Hark! Wasn't that a step?"

Every muscle in Joe's body seemed to relax with the intensity of his fear. He paused, open-mouthed, listening. The gust of wind died away in a groan; and Joe, laughing a forced, uneasy laugh, walked on.

He passed old Mark's cottage, but all was silent there. Once he fancied he detected the hiss of hiss that whispered voices make, but he could not be sure. The next place he halted at was Mary Flax's cottage.

There was a faint light glimmering through the blind, which parted a little at the sides as if it had shrunk in the sun, and enabled him to see into the interior.

There sat Mary, weary, yet patient; stitch, stitch, stitch, until Joe fancied he could hear the busy click of her needle, and the little sigh he saw move her pale lips.

"That's the woman for me!" thought Joe, all unconscious that Mary, in the intensity of her purpose was, metaphorically speaking, stitching his shroud, and only sighed because her vengeance seemed so far off still.

"She'd keep a man when he was idle," continued Joe, "and make his home comfortable, on nothing. She'd be thankful to get me, you may be sure."

He tapped on the pane softly. Mary rose to open to him. She was beyond the sweet deception now of picturing her husband in every new comer. She knew that it could only be her enemy at this hour. Nevertheless, true to her purpose, she forced a smile for Joe, as she let him in.

"You come at odd times," she said, faintly. "Supposing the neighbors were to see——"

"They could only say I was courting you over again; and there's no harm in that."

"Not if Jem is dead——"

"You may be sure he is, Mary."

"I thought you told me before that you didn't believe he was."

"That's a good while back, now," answered Joe, evasively; "he'd have given some sign if he'd been alive."

"Only it's unfortunate, you see, not knowing for certain," replied Mary, looking down to hide the gathering gloom in her eyes. "I'm but a lone woman now, with two little ones dependant on me. I might get another husband if I was free."

"You'll do that all the same."

"No; but it's not for the want of asking, though."

And Mary, with a kind of passionate distrust of her own devices, moved a little closer to him, and smiled coquettishly.

"That I'll warrant, Mary. You'd always plenty of sweethearts before you took up with Jem Flax; and you might have done better than him, if you had been so minded."

"Perhaps; but we women are such fools. We don't know half the time where our interests lie."

"But you'll choose wiser next time."

"I hope so."

"Would you have me, if I was to ask you?"

"Ah, Joe, now you're mocking me! You wouldn't even look at my like."

"Why not? It's true there's the children, and that's two too many; but when a man has set his mind on a woman he looks over everything. And you're industrious yourself, Mary; not like some, who idle all their time away. You'd keep them, I should say, with your needle."

"I keep them now!" she answered, proudly, and then inwardly she blessed them—Jem's little ones; the charge he had left her to keep; the little lambs, whom, God helping her, she would guard from the cruel wolf, who had once before eaten the food prepared for them.

He her husband!

In spite of herself she shuddered convulsively.

"Are you cold?" asked Joe.

"The fire's out," answered Mary, evasively; "and it wasn't no use sitting up, if I was to burn my wood and coals."

"Quite right. You're what I call a careful woman, my dear."

"It doesn't do for poor people to be wasteful."

"Some are, though. There's a good many wives as think the husband ought to do all the supporting, and they not help in anything."

"Yes, Jem did; but it was a mistake. I always told him so, only he'd such ridiculous notions, on some points."

Joe turned away his head, and answered, slowly, with a kind of catching of the breath, "I shouldn't think you—was—very sorry he was gone, Mary?"

"Well," she said, coughing down the great lumps that rose in her throat, "one gets soon used to such things, you know. Only there's the feeling of not being sure, which makes it unpleasant. If I was quite certain he was gone——"

"Well, what then?" answered Joe, too eager and absorbed to notice the swift, keen glance of Mary's eye.

"I should know what to be about."

"Supposing I was to bring you word that was all right?"

"Then I'd marry you three months from that very day, *if you was alive!*"

"I'm not one of the sort that goes off suddenly; don't be afraid."

"Oh, no!" she answered, abstractedly; "of course not."

"And I'll keep you to your word, Mary; that is to say, if so be I am lucky enough to find out."

"I wish you might, Joe; but I don't believe there is much chance."

"We shall see; but there's time enough yet."

"Oh, yes; only I was going to say"—and she steadied her voice with difficulty—"that if there was anything of Jem's you'd a fancy to, you was welcome. Your coat is pretty shabby."

"Jem was a neat man. I shouldn't mind a coat, now, if you'd got such a thing to spare."

Mary stooped to hide the glow of triumph on her pallid face. "Wait a minute," she said; "I'll fetch you one directly. Jem was about your height, so it will just fit you."

She brought it, and Joe removed the old one before her, and flung it across a chair. Then he caught it up, and glanced at her suspiciously. She had been watching his movement in a furtive kind of way; but when he looked at her, she assumed a vacant expression, and seemed as innocent as a dove.

"We may as well burn the one I took off," Joe remarked, "it's only in the way."

"That it is. I'll use it to light the fire with presently, and that will save sticks."

"If you was to see a little stain on the breast you wouldn't run away with any foolish notions, of course?"

"What notion could I run away with?"

"You are a sensible woman, Mary, but some would be going out of their way to find out all kinds of reasons. You see, it was putting a hare in my bosom made it so."

"I hadn't noticed; but poachers are apt to get themselves in a mess that way, and so did Jem sometimes; but that's his best coat you've got there."

"So I see. It's very smart."

"And it fits like wax. I never saw you in anything so becoming."

Joe smirked in a conceited kind of way. Let a man be ever so vicious, he has generally his little vanities; and, in his own way, he liked Mary, and was gratified at praise from her lips.

"It's close upon dawn," Mary said, presently, raising the blind, and looking out. "Wouldn't it be better for you to leave now? The neighbors are so scandalous, and there's Jane Munday——"

"Well, what about her?"

"Perhaps I oughtn't to say if you haven't noticed it."

"Yes, go on."

"She seems fond of you, Joe, and it would make her well-nigh mad if she saw you come out of my house."

"I don't want her, at any rate."

"Only she's got a bitter tongue."

"Let her talk."

"If it was certain as Jem was really gone, I shouldn't mind what people said, because there couldn't be much harm then. But it isn't."

"I told you that would be all right."

Mary seemed bent on urging him to confession now. She panted and longed to hear those three words, "*I killed him.*" But Joe was too wary to be caught yet, in the trap set for him.

Although he never for a second suspected her motive, and was conscious that he should have to acknowledge to some share in Flax's death before she would be satisfied, he wanted to put off the evil day for awhile, if he could.

Mary soon found that he was not ripe for confession, and wisely desisted. She could better afford to wait, even for a year if need be, than lose the hope of vengeance altogether. So she said no more, for fear of raising his suspicions.

"Well, then, I suppose I must be going," said Joe, rising with reluctance; "but it's wretched work for a man knocking about without any home."

"I thought you said you were going to leave Lansdown."

"So I did; but I fancy I shall wait a bit now. What do you say to going to Ameriky after we're married? I daresay their grandmother will take care of the youngsters until we get settled, and then we could send for them if you liked. But they'd be an awful clog on us at starting."

"So they would."

Joe looked up delightedly. He had hardly expected Mary to acquiesce in this arrangement, and consent to be separated from her children. It was quite clear to him now that she was devotedly attached to him, and only desired certainty as regarded her husband's death in order that she might never be separated from him.

Joe was intensely gratified. He had always had a great admiration for Mary, mixed with awe; but when he found that she had cared for him all along, the admiration increased but the awe disappeared. As she stood holding the door open for him to pass out, he dared to put his arm about her and drew her towards him, kissing her cheek.

She grew deathly white, and for a second she fancied she must be going to

faint. But then, suddenly, with such courage as martyrs have shown, she smiled, and gnawed a faint tinge of red into her lips.

"Good-bye. When shall I see you again?"

"Soon;" and then he added quickly, turning back, "Have you burnt the coat?"

"Look!" she answered; and taking it in both hands, crushed it together, and pushed it into the grate, piling a large handful of sticks on the top.

"That's right," said Joe, satisfied; and turning away, disappeared across the common, and was lost in the gray mist of dawn.

Mary watched as long as she could see him, and then went back, and down on her knees to rescue the coat. She examined the red stain on the breast with a kind of gloating eagerness, and then she locked it away in a small black box, that stood under the bed in an inner room, and put the key in her pocket.

She lighted the fire then, and went back to her work. It was too late by this time to think of bed; and, indeed, she had scarcely been settled to her sewing, before little Mary opened her eyes on the rising sun, with a curious kind of delight, and said, in an authoritative way:

"Me want to be dressed, and me want me brekfus."

Mary made the little creature spring from the bed into her arms, and as she began to cover the dimpled limbs with the poor yet neat garments, she whispered to the unconscious child:

"It's near now, my love—it's near now. He'll soon confess, and then——"

She did not finish her sentence, but little Mary seeing that her mother smiled, as she had never smiled since the father went away, thought he must be expected, and murmured in an extacy of delight:

"Dadda comin', dadda comin'!"

"Hush, my love!" said the widow, solemnly; "we may go to him some day, but he can never come to us. Little Mary must be a good girl, and a good woman, and then she will see dadda again."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LINA TRIES TO GAIN COURAGE.

When the day passed by, and Mr. Carthen neither came nor wrote, Lady Lina's heart began to get very heavy. It seemed impossible that Mr. Carthen should have grown suddenly cold, after leading her to believe that he really loved her. Lina was a meek, tender little soul, and this desertion almost killed her. It was her turn to grow pale and thin, whilst Lady Clementina seemed to brighten as she faded, as if out of defiance.

Once or twice, Lina caught her sister's eyes upon her, beaming with a kind of fierce joy, and wondered. And one day, when, during their drive, they encountered Mr. Carthen, and he simply raised his hat and passed on, Lina distinctly heard a low laugh of triumph on Lady Clementina's lips, and saw her flush to her brow. She began to talk animatedly after this, and took an early opportunity of declaring that all men were inconstant, and that the woman who trusted them deserved all the sorrow this trust would bring.

Lina felt her eyes fast filling, but she said nothing; and so unsuspicious was she, that it never entered into her head to conceive it possible that Lady Clementina could have played her false.

It was a clear, bright morning, as Lady Lina rose from table after toying with a little food, and not eating, greatly to her mother's distress.

"What is the matter, my love?" inquired Lady Dacre, anxiously. "You look quite pale this morning."

Lina smiled a curiously sweet smile, very gentle, and very sad.

"I am not ill, mamma; only a little tired, I believe."

"Don't you sleep well?"

"Not just lately; but, indeed, dear mamma, there is nothing to make you the least uncomfortable. A brisk walk in the open air will soon make me all right."

"If you wait until after luncheon, I shall be pleased to accompany you," said Lady Clementina, who, it might have been noticed, never allowed her sister to go anywhere alone where there was the faintest fear of encountering Mr. Carthen.

Lina would have preferred to walk in the morning. Her head was aching, as people's heads do ache after a sleepless night, and she longed to feel the cold wind on her heated brow; but at Lady Clementina's suggestion, she said, very softly, that she would wait.

"Where are we to go?" inquired Lady Clementina, when, lunch over, they stood, duly equipped, on the terrace.

"Wherever you like," answered Lina, with evident indifference.

"I thought you might, possibly, have some charity visit to pay."

"No; not to-day."

"Then, supposing we go through the park to the village, and round home by the common?"

"I like Lansdown best!" replied Lina, with sudden animation. "The lanes are prettiest there!"

Lady Clementina's voice rang out sternly in her reply:

"No; we will not go there!"

"I was not going to see Mr. Carthen," said sweet, patient Lina, humbly.

"Yes, you were."

"I ought to know best."

"You know nothing!" was the imperative rejoinder. "Your infatuation is so great that it even blinds you to common decorum. Mr. Carthen has not been near us for a week, and yet you would so far forget yourself as to go in search of him!"

"He may be ill," murmured Lina.

"If so, how could we have helped knowing it? When he has had a slight headache before, he has managed to keep us well informed on the subject. The fact is," and Lady Clementina spoke with cruel deliberation, as if she were driving every word deep into her sister's heart, "he's got tired of the whole thing. He was only amusing himself from the first; but when he found that you were beginning to take it all seriously, he got frightened, of course, and fled before you. And really, as an impartial looker-on, I must say I am not surprised, for your whole conduct was, to the last degree, imprudent!"

"Mine?"

"Yes, yours. One would have supposed, from your manner, that you had never received any attention before. I was often ashamed, knowing how fickle and ungrateful men are, to see you display your feelings for Mr. Carthen so openly. What I predicted within myself has come to pass—you have thoroughly disgusted and frightened him!"

"I think there must be some mistake," faltered Lina. "The last time we were together——"

"He was particularly kind?"

"Yes."

"I could have told you that, without even a hint from you. He felt that he was going to inflict a terrible blow, and, being guilty, had the fear that you might see his guilt. Consequently, he glossed over his intentions with honied flatteries, in order that you might not discover them until he was beyond the reach of all reproach. And now that he is going abroad——"

"Is he going abroad?" interrupted Lina, her heart sinking within her.

"I heard Wilfred tell papa so, just now."

"Where did he get the information from?"

"From good authority, you may be certain."

"Yes; but what authority?" persisted Lina.

It seemed as if Lady Clementina liked to prolong her sister's suspense.

"What does it signify just who?"

"But I want to know."

"Then, since you must, it was Mr. Carthen himself."

Lina lowered her head a minute. At last she said, in a tolerably steady voice:

"If Mr. Carthen told Wilfred, it must, of course, be true; but I am surprised that he did not mention the fact himself when he was here last."

Lady Clementina laughed scornfully.

"My dear little innocent, was that probable?"

"He spoke of it to Wilfred."

"Because, I suppose, he thought it would look odd, after having been so intimate, if he did not send us some message."

"What message did he send?"

"His compliments to the ladies."

"And that was all?"

"Enough, too, I think."

"When we have known him since we were children?"

"It was all your fault," answered Lady Clementina, with a kind of suppressed fierceness. "If you hadn't been in such a hurry to construe mere kindness into passion, he would have stayed with us always. A man doesn't care to be cheated into matrimony against his will!"

"It was always he who sought me out."

"You forget that I was present on most of those occasions. What I saw, not being blinded by love, as you were, could not be called by any other name than mere courtesy and the flattering softness men always pride themselves upon showing to a woman who is tolerably good-looking. You have seen enough of the world by this time to know what that means, and take it at its true value."

"I have seen enough of the world to make me long to be out of it!" answered Lina, impetuously.

"I have no complaint to make of it," said her sister, quietly. "I have never allowed myself to expect too much of men and women, and, therefore, I am not disappointed at every turn, as you are."

"I have never been disappointed before," sighed Lina, "and you must remember that you who are much older than myself, and know the world—you trusted Mr. Carthen."

"How do you know that I trusted him?"

"I presume so, since you never gave me a word of warning."

"I am not bound to find wit for you all."

At this unkind speech, Lina, who was very sensitive, colored faintly.

"No," she said; "still, if you saw me in any danger, as a sister, you would try to save me. And what could be worse than that I should love a man who was unworthy?"

Lina, in spite of her brave efforts at self-control, finished her sentence with a sob.

"You are too young to know what love really is," answered Lady Clementina, with a dark shadow, as from some painful thought, in her eyes. "For you it is a mere pastime, enjoyed one minute, forgotten the next; for me it is another sense, as it were, so entirely does it absorb my whole being, regulate my actions, and fill my mind!"

Lina looked at her sister curiously.

"I did not know that you had ever loved," she said, gently.

"I? Who told you that?"

"You have spoken of it yourself."

Lady Clementina laughed a forced, anxious laugh.

"You silly child! I was not talking of what love was to me, but of what it would be, if I indulged it. But, you see, I don't, and, therefore, the argument ends."

"Oh, Clementina! It seems to me now that I could be contented with anything."

"You have no pride!" said her sister, severely. "I do firmly believe that if Mr. Carthen were to make the least advance, you would welcome it eagerly!"

"I am afraid I should."

"Because you have no pride."

"What good would pride do me in the present instance. It would not take away my pain."

"No; but it would teach you to hide it."

"From my own sister?"

"Why not? Oh, you suppose I should let you see my sufferings under the same circumstances."

"I could only sympathize with you, Clementina."

"And I should not want your sympathy."

"Oh, Clementina!"

"The fact is, you and I are differently constituted, Lina. If I had received such a blow as you have, I might die, but I should utter no sound; only, before I died, I would be revenged."

"And I," said Lina, softly, "should love him too dearly to wish to harm him."

"You have no spirit," replied her sister, disdainfully. "Now, if we were to meet Mr. Carthen——"

The name had scarcely passed her lips when Mr. Carthen himself came riding down the lane.

"I insist that you behave with proper dignity," said Lady Clementina, in an imperious voice; and she clutched Lina's arm so tightly that the other gave a little smothered cry of pain. "Remember, he has forsaken you."

She could not help herself, there was only sorrow in her eyes, and only sorrow in his, as he bowed low and remained uncovered till they had passed by.

"I know there must be some mistake," Lina almost sobbed. "Oh, Clementina! he seemed so sad."

"Ashamed, you mean; and that he has a right to be. Lina, you shall not look back."

"Just once, dear—just once," coaxed the girl.

"Not once. Would you flatter his vanity like that? You must be mad!"

"Perhaps I am. It is so hard—you don't know how hard—and Wilfred is wrong. You could never have loved, or you would have been more merciful to me."

"Does Wilfred say I am in love?"

"He thinks so."

"With whom?" questioned the other, haughtily.

"With him."

"Mr. Carthen?"

"Yes."

Lady Clementina laughed. Poor Lina began to dread her laugh; it always heralded some peculiarly cruel speech.

"Wilfred is a fool, Lina; I knew what he had dared to say, and the humiliation was not so terrible as it might have been, because I felt that my revenge was certain and safe."

Lina glanced at her sister deprecatingly through her tears.

"Oh, Clementina, what has altered you so? You never used to be bitter and relentless like this."

"You have not seen me roused before, that is all."

"I have not done anything to offend you?" inquired Lina, timidly.

Lady Clementina turned upon her with fierce hauteur.

"When you were happy, did you ever think of me and my misery? I ask you that. Nay, you mocked me, you and Wilfred together."

Lady Clementina seemed to have cast off all restraint this afternoon, and allowed the bitter thoughts in her heart to rise to her lips. In truth, Mr. Carthen's reproachful, plaintive look full at Lina, as he passed, haunted her, and filled her with a kind of fierce despair. How passionately she wished that Lina had never been born!

"Then he would have loved me," she thought; "but now her baby face has quite bewitched him. He never even gave me a glance as he passed by; his whole heart and soul seemed to be absorbed by her."

She was silent for a while, indulging these gloomy reflections, and Lina was too thankful only to be allowed a few minute's grace. But the pause did not seem to improve Lady Clementina's temper, or soften her bitter spirit. She began again just where she had left off, and Lina, worn out by the contest, but still faithful in her love through all, answered nothing.

"We came too far," said Lady Clementina, presently; "it is getting quite dark."

"The evening has closed in early to-night; the sky is so clouded."

"We shall have rain."

"Not before we get home, I hope."

"Mamma will send the carriage after us if it does, I should think. She knows there is nothing I dislike so much as to be caught in a shower."

"The servants won't know which way we came, Clementina."

"Then they must find out."

"What is that light there?" said Lina, pointing to it curiously. "I never remember there being a house in the middle of the common."

"It is a gipsies' encampment, I should think. No window would give so much light."

"Can't we go round then, Clementina? I am so afraid of gipsies, you know, ever since one took me away when I was a girl, and kept me nearly an hour, trying to make me tell her where papa kept his money. If Mr. Carthen hadn't ridden up at that minute and rescued me, I believe she would have done me an injury."

"Always Mr. Carthen!" said Lady Clementina, passionately. "It seems as if that name were always on your lips, morning, noon and night."

"But it was true, Clementina. If it hadn't been for Mr. Carthen——"

"I would rather face twenty gipsies than be tormented with that incessant lament. Do pray let us have an end of it."

She walked on fiercely towards the gipsies' camp-fire.

"Mightn't we go round?"

Lina ventured to say this, although there had been such a cruel disdain of her in Clementina's words and manner those last few days, that poor, gentle Lina was growing actually afraid.

"Go round, when it is dark already! Come on; they won't hurt us."

Lina still held back, with a piteous, imploring face. This fear was stronger than she could control, in spite of her efforts.

"Very well; I shall leave you here."

With this threat, which presented an alternative still more frightful than the other, Lina hurried up to her sister's side, and her poor, little, tremulous hand took firm hold of Clementina's skirts.

Silently they drew near the encampment, which, with its red fire, and the wavering shadows passing and repassing across it, was a picturesque object, and gave a glare of color to the dusky landscape. Lina hushed her very breath for fear of drawing the gipsies' attention; but Lady Clementina marched on boldly, with no signs of fear in her face or bearing.

They were close to the fire; the bright reflections gave life to Lina's pallid face, glittering with fear, when a tall, gaunt woman, who had been lying almost within reach of the blaze, sprang up suddenly, and barred their path.

"Have your fortunes told, my pretty ladies?" she said, in a whining, coaxing voice; "and the poor old gipsy will tell you all about the beautiful, fair gentleman, with the blue eyes, who is about to make a long journey, but will prove true, after all. Only cross the poor gipsy's hand with a piece of silver, me leddies; and, though the wind blows cold across the common, ye'll never repent having listened to the good news as long as fate is pleased to keep you in this world of sin and sorrow."

"Nonsense!" said Lady Clementina, contemptuously; "it's both too cold and too late to listen to such absurdities! We are neither of us the least anxious to know anything about the 'beautiful, fair gentleman with the blue eyes.'"

"Pardon me, my leddy, your sister does."

Lina started, and almost mechanically held out her hand.

"There's no silver in it!" muttered the old gipsy, in an angry tone. "It seems to me that fine leddies expect a laborer to work without his hire."

Lina crossed the fortune-teller's palm with a coin.

"How can you encourage the woman?" said Lady Clementina; and yet she listened, too—listened with suspended breath, and eager, dilated eyes.

"Well, my leddy," said the gipsy, in a droning, sing-song voice; "the beautiful, fair gentleman will be going across the wide sea, with sorrow in his heart; and all because he fancies you're untrue to him. But that won't be yet. There will be something happen as will keep him here for awhile, although I won't say what, for fear of shocking you, my leddy, for you've got a tender heart and a gentle voice, and blessings follow you wherever you go. But you must look out for treachery, my leddy, for it will come from the quarter you least expect it, and bring you sorrow in the beginning. But you was born under a lucky star, my leddy, and so nothing can harm you for long. Riches and honor, and the true love of the beautiful, fair gentleman, will be yours to the end of your days; whilst she who has harmed you will see all her wicked schemes defeated, and find herself in her old age, desolate—alone."

"I hope you have heard enough of this nonsense," said Lady Clementina, angrily. "Do, pray, let us go home now."

"Won't *you* hear your fortune told, me leddy?"

"Not I, indeed!"

"There's no need," answered the old gipsy, in a significant tone. "When I've said ye'll be a great leddy in the world's eyes, but will have no children, no love, no happiness, the tale is told, and I've only to ask for the money you owe me, me leddy, for the same."

"*I* owe you money?"

"I never tell fortunes for nothing."

"You have not told mine."

"I put them both together, me leddy, to save time, as you said it was cold and bitter standing about on the common."

"It's a shameful imposition, and I refuse to pay you."

"Steve!"

"Well, mother?"

A tall, swarthy man, of about thirty, came slouching towards them, with his hands in his pockets.

The old gipsy woman, with a gesture, which was full of a rough dignity, pointed out Lady Clementina to her son.

"She's one of the high and mighty sort, but she'll get paid off. I've a mind for that chain she wears about her neck. It would become Lola better than it becomes her."

"Lola would be none the handsomer for wearing stolen goods, mother."

"Then make her give me what she owes me—that's all."

The old woman's eyes were so full of menace, that Lady Clementina thought it prudent to give in. She took half a sovereign out of her purse, and gave it to the other.

The gipsy's eyes glistened greedily.

"I dare say you've got some more of these very pieces now?" she said, in a voice, half coaxing, half menacing. "A rich leddy shouldn't grudge her gold when it would put life into a poor old body like mine."

"You should work if you want money. It's not my business if you starve."

"No, it wouldn't trouble you, me leddy, I dare say. A poor old gipsy woman, who was born under a hedge, and will die under a hedge, oughtn't to be spoken of in the same breath, even, as a grand leddy, who wears silks and satins, and a gold chain about her neck."

"Come in, mother," whispered the man; "you'll get us into trouble if you don't mind."

"You're a poor-spirited lad," retorted his mother, angrily. "Do you think I'd lose her golden chain, and gold guineas, if I was you, for all the policemen? Besides, we could get off before it was found out in the morning."

"You promised we shouldn't have any more of that, if we got you off last time. You'll get us such a bad name, with your prigging ways, that we shan't be able to camp anywhere at last. Let the ladies go. You'd better lose something, and keep on the safe side. You wouldn't have much use of a gold chain in a prison."

He took hold of her arm and drew her inside the tent, grumbling bitterly; and Lady Clementina, who was somewhat frightened herself now, dashed past the place, with Lina clinging to her, and in a few minutes, was back into the road.

Here she paused to gain breath.

"Don't let us speak of this," she said; "it is only a silly adventure, not worth the telling. The mistake was in your allowing your fortune to be told."

"The woman frightened me. Her gaunt figure and fierce eyes made her look so terrible, that I thought the best thing was to give way at once."

"Don't tell Wilfred what the woman said, Lina—do you hear?"

"Just as you like; though it surely wouldn't have signified. Of course, it was all nonsense, and we would be foolish, indeed, to believe a single word."

"The woman knew who we were."

"I think not; they say 'My Lady,' to every one."

"Did you hear what she told you about the beautiful, fair young gentleman?"

"It is a mere jargon, Clementina. You may be sure that they say the same to all. Do pray let us get home as soon as possible now. The old woman's persuasions may induce the son to relent, and she may come after us again. You see, Clementina, I wasn't so foolish to fear them, after all."

"They never harmed us."

"But I fancy we have had rather a near escape, and I shall certainly feel more comfortable when I am out of their reach."

They hurried on after this, but had scarcely got to the end of the lane before they met two of the servants whom Lady Dacre had sent in search of them. It was quite dark by this time, and Lina, for one, was glad of an escort.

Lord Dacre, when he heard this tale, declared that the old gipsy woman should be punished for her conduct, and sent word to the policeman to go to their camp the first thing in the morning, and arrest her on the charge of fortune-telling, and also for having tried to intimidate his daughters.

But it is probable that the son suspected what the effect of his mother's peccadilloes would be, and guessed the names and rank of her would-be victims, for he roused his young wife, who, weary with travel, was lying asleep in the tent, and ordered her to gather together her things for immediate departure.

When the policeman got to the common, by daybreak, he found nothing but the cold embers of the camp fire, and a remnant of the yellow bandana Lola was wont to bind round her handsome head.

He knew that they must be far away by this time; and as a robbery had been contemplated only, not carried out, he gave himself no further trouble about them, but strolled home to his breakfast at a leisurely pace.

Lina was none the worse for her adventure that evening; nay, it had done her good, by absorbing her thoughts, to the expulsion of the one bitter, stinging sorrow that had occupied her exclusively a few hours back.

Lady Dacre had so many questions to ask, so had Wilfred, that she had no time to dwell on her troubles. As for Lord Dacre, he actually trembled with rage, when he heard how his darling, his dutiful, loving Lina, had been frightened by the wily old crone.

"But what kind of a fortune did she give you?" Wilfred inquired.

Lady Clementina's stern eyes were on Lina, and she tried to answer carelessly.

"Oh, just the usual thing, of course. Riches, and honor, and love, and a gentleman coming over the sea to marry me. I was not credulous enough to expect any variation from the usual text."

"Then she was only a humbug, after all."

"What else could she be?" asked Lady Clementina, scornfully.

"I thought, from your manner, that she might have said something near the truth."

A warning glance from Lina stopped Wilfred suddenly, just as Lady Clementina, in high disdain, was sweeping out of the room.

Lady Lina had not slept much of late, but she was thoroughly tired, and sank to sleep this night as peacefully as a tired child. She never roused until morning; and then she sprang out of bed, surprised to find it so late, and rang directly for her maid.

Fanny came up, open-mouthed, eager, scared.

"Oh, my lady, what do you think. One of the grooms has just come in, and he says there's been a fight with the poachers, in Lansdown Wood, and Mr. Carthen is killed!"

Lina gave one imploring, reproachful glace at the imprudent girl, and fell forward, insensible, on her face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE HAPPY MAN.—We noticed a mechanic among a number of others, at work in a house erected but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and a cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, sunless, or gloomy a happy smile danced like a sunbeam upon his countenance. Meeting him one morning, we asked him to tell me the secret of his constant happy flow of spirits. "No secret at all," he replied: "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a word of encouragement for me; and when I go home, she always meets me with a tender kiss; and she is sure to be ready with my meals, and she has done so many things through the day to please me, so that I cannot find it in my heart to speak unkindly to anybody." What influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it, and make it the fountain of cheerful emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far towards making a home happy and peaceful.

CULTIVATE the true faculty of modest delicacy, young ladies; that which shrinks from no necessary duty, and that which can speak when required with seriousness, earnestness, kindness, against things which it would be truly ashamed of, producing an honest, not feigned, blush. This is the kind of delicacy which forms so important a part in the mannerly possessions of persons of good taste and of proper judgment. Where this real cast of delicacy does not exist as a natural instinct, you will see a general deficiency in the person who is uninformed regarding this commendable virtue. On the other hand, where it is perceived and practised, you will observe it as the first principle of good manners, and considered as the universal passport to good society.

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FACETIÆ.

A FIRESIDE tale—the cat's.

How to cancel time—eat dates.

NOT a "social club"—the policeman's.

THE child of the sea is always a buoy.

AN AFRICAN CONUNDRUM.—Why am intoxication like a wash-bowl? 'Case it am debasin'.

IT is a singular coincidence that about the time school begins, the hum of the threshing-machine and the whack of the flail resound through the land.

WHAT he said: "Sophia, believe me when I say (confound the mosquitoes) that you (they're biting right through my handkerchief) my future will be a bright (and I shall be all over lumps in the morning)."

What she said: "Angelo, I can only say (gracious, how I'm suffering!) that I have always thought well of you, and that (I'm bitten nearly to death) if you were willing to take me with all my faults (there must be a million of 'em), the words you have uttered (they're going right through my shoes) make me yours until death."

BABY vs. "HOSS."—When Goldsmith Maid made her astonishing time the other day the ladies seemed more enthusiastic than the men. A gentleman states that on turning around he saw a woman near him waving her handkerchief with all her might; but upon looking down he saw her baby lying at her feet and beginning to cry.

"Madam," said he, "your child," pointing to it.

"Oh," said she, "I forgot all about baby, but it makes no difference; I expect to have several babies, but I never expect to see another Goldsmith Maid."

A SWEET CONSOLER.

Although I'll own how much I love to hear
The wind-swept strings of an Æolian harp,
"The song and oar of Adria's gondolier,"
The violin, whose notes are sweet, though sharp,
I think I know a "soothing syrup" well
To which the "Winslow" isn't on a par,
Though no advertisements its praises swell,
And some folks hate it—Give me a cigar.

Oh, sweet tobacco! though you made me ill
When first a short clay pipe I took to using,
And let me in for many a nasty pill,
And some delight in always you abusing,
Yet must I own, when troubles have assailed,
Or with some wicked fancy I've been ripe,
When music, love and other refuge failed,
I've drawn sweet consolation through a pipe

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The Fashion Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

As we have faithfully kept our fair friends advised from week to week of all changes, great and small, which have taken place in the realm of fashion, there is no need just now to enlarge upon the general tendency of the styles for the new season; but the rather to give more detailed accounts of some of the many which we have seen.

Extremes meet, as we said before. Excess of ornament walks side by side with an almost reverse simplicity—both have their admirers—and for the varied types of beauty, the advancement of the age with its enlarged views upon all subjects, demands this liberty of style, this freedom of taste. Of the art of dress it may be said, as a witty savant once remarked concerning chess, "It is too deep for mere play, and not sufficiently profound for a science."

To illustrate the contrasts of style now prevalent, we will describe two of the newest fall wraps—designed for the intermediate season between summer and winter.

The first was a modification of the Medici's shape, so popular in spring. This being much deeper, more close-fitting, and cut with two long points on the hips. It was literally covered with braiding, embroidery and jet. Instead of the ruff about the neck, it had on a round standing collar, inside of which was a plaited frill of yak lace; which latter, thickly beaded, also bordered the garment. The braiding was done in the palm-leaf pattern; the peculiar novelty consisting in the immense size of the leaves. For instance, one leaf was made to cover each sleeve, which were long and flowing. One leaf covered the back, also one each side of the front. A fine vine of embroidery edged the garment, finished by the yak lace referred to. The whole sacque was thickly studded with fine cut jet, and in the sunshine flashed like polished armor.

In marked contrast to this glittering garment we noticed another, as distinguished for simplicity as was this for ornament. It was of fine black "ladies' cloth," and was cut with loose front and a tightly fitting back, the latter held in place close to the figure by tapes placed at the waist under the arm, and tied in front. A bias band of the new matelasse silk, two and a half inches in depth, bordered this sacque, formed the round flaring collar and revers and the cuffs to the sleeves; these latter were closely fitting. Large polished wooden buttons closed the front, and two were placed on each cuff. A heavy silk cord was attached to the left shoulder by two of the buttons, gracefully looped from them to the middle of the back just below the collar, where it ended in two hanging loops, and two large flat tassels. We do not remember to have seen a more stylish garment.

Many of the new French bonnets are eccentric in form, but quite an improvement upon the tiny "head pieces" so long worn. For velvet bonnets the flaring "scoop" shape prevails. The rim turns up in front, or rather "upwards," since there is a marked difference between the appearance of it and the old coronet front. Some bonnets have short capes, formed by a continuation of the soft, box-pleated crown. Most of the bonnets are made with two shades of the same color, or else two contrasting colors. This last is always questionable taste, unless one of the shades used be black—which is, of course, no "color" at all—certainly a very decided "shade," however.

The most stylish Parisian bonnets have no strings or floating ends, but rather a close, compact look. Yet some of our American milliners, who fancy drapery and "ends," are placing loops and irregular streamers, of rather narrow ribbon, just at the back. A fashion for arranging flowers upon bonnets, seems to be the placing of one cluster directly in front and another similar one directly opposite to it. This, to us, seems stiff, however, and we would rather advise the selection of a delicate spray or half wreath, such as we saw upon one model. It was placed directly above the reverse front, a little to the left side; trailing gracefully and easily back it divided the soft, puffed crown into two careless *bouffantes*. This wreath was of the gray leaves of the Japanese foliage plant, and trimmed very beautifully a bonnet of claret velvet, with a crown of silk of a lighter shade of the same color. The revers front of this bonnet was lined with pearl gray silk.

We mentioned the simple and graceful trimming, much used now, for the walking hats of English straw, which are so appropriate for the season. We will describe one which we liked so well we should be glad to see generally adopted.

The hat was of brown straw, rather a high crown, brim turned up closely at both sides. The trimming was a scarf of brown silk, fully a yard and a half in length, lined with pale fawn color; both scarf and lining were cut straight—not bias, and the edges fringed out to the depth of four inches. The scarf was loosely twisted about the crown of the hat, and tied a little to one side in a careless bow, which revealed the fawn-colored lining. Two small ostrich tips, of brown and pale fawn, curled over the crown—one inclining forward, the other back. A shaded wing of brown and a small aigrette of blue steel were placed at the left side. Just under the brim, on the right, near the middle, was a tiny cluster of four rosebuds—scarlet, salmon, pale blush and white—giving a coquettish effect.

Small masque veils of dotted tulle, edged with jet beads wrought in a Greek pattern above a plain hem, are much worn, and preferred to those entirely dotted with beads.

Four-button gloves are *en regle* for full dress and promenade. Neckties, to match sashes, in bright colors, are used for carriage and house dresses. They are too *prononcee* for street wear. Have your walking dresses made short, just to clear the ground, fair friends.

NINON.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CELESTE.—Received your samples of silk, but sorry to tell you that your friend has made a mistake in her purchase. She has not obtained the matelasse silk for your sleeveless jacket; only a heavy gros grain. By referring to late Boudoir articles you will find matelasse silk described as having a quilted appearance. We can always purchase goods for you. The other sample is very fair Irish poplin.

NETTIE B.—Quince seed soaked in boiling water makes an excellent and harmless bandaline for retaining the hair in curl.

MRS. M. R.—Hair jewelry is expensive, but very pretty, and especially appropriate for mourning. We cannot give the names of firms, but will attend to any orders for you.

WHAT SHE SAID.

BY E. H. H.

One happy May day I met a lady
In the forest shady, and asked a question;
While the birds sang clearer, and the sky seemed nearer,
And life felt dearer, by mere suggestion.

But my tongue grew duller as my heart grew fuller,
While a rosy color bloomed on her cheek.
Though my eyes gave token ere the spell was broken,
Or my lips had spoken what I fain would speak.

And the dim old forest spread its arches o'er us,
Where the aisles before us were flecked with sun;
Where the wind slipped through, and the dreamy blue,
To spy us two, and what was done.

How all these linger, and the daring finger
Of the soft spring air played in her hair;
Hid in the laces whose dainty graces
Tempted embraces, while nestling there.

Then I grew bolder, and the words I told her
While I dared to fold her hand to my heart,
In a mute confession gave the magic question
Full of fond suggestion, a sudden start.

What is our mission—life's full fruition—
But for love's sweet vision beaming resplendent,
All our petty striving, all that toil of living,
Gaining or giving—this is transcendent.

Rose cheeks were glowing, coming and going,
Blushes o'erflowing, sweet contest waged;
And I drew her closer, till she whispered "No, sir;
You're much too slow, sir—I am engaged."

SAVED BY A CUTTLE FISH.

BY C. D. CLARK.

The bark Celise lay swinging in the surge, on the ocean path which leads from San Francisco to Shanghae, in a dead calm.

The ocean was not at rest—it never ceases to heave and swell—but there was not the slightest breath of air to stir the smooth surface of the long rollers upon which the Celise rose and fell. The officers paced the deck anxiously, for there is nothing which so much annoys a seaman as a calm at sea. Even the men before the mast tire of it after a while, for there is nothing so monotonous and dull as to sit in the tops and feel the great ship rising and sinking beneath, making no way, except the drift. But the officers feel it most, for they have reputations to sustain, and the men who can carry a ship through a voyage in the least time, without straining spars or hull, are the men the great companies advance.

The captain was on deck, pacing to and fro on his own peculiar station, the quarter-deck. He was a young man in years, but had passed his life upon the sea from boyhood, and knew all the phases of that vast expanse. Although but twenty-five years of age, he had advanced, step by step, until he commanded a bark in the service of a great tea company.

He was not alone upon the quarter-deck, for keeping pace with him, and looking anxiously at the blue sky as he did, in the hope of seeing some signs of wind, was a beautiful woman, Mildred Connor, the wife of the captain of the Celise; and she is anxious for his sake, as this was his first voyage as commander, and he had a reputation to make.

Mildred Connor was beautiful—a beauty of face, mind and soul. She had turned away from richer men, against the advice of friends, to link her fortunes with those of her sailor lover. And, indeed, he was worthy of a woman's love and trust. Tall and strong, with an open, manly, sunburned face, his clustering brown hair rising above a bold, high forehead, and a determined light in his blue eyes. His men loved him, and would dare any danger for his sake, because he never asked them to go where he dared not lead.

A man, leaning against the mainmast, with his strong arms folded on his broad breast, was looking at the pair with a dark, intense gaze. A dark-haired man, full of iron strength, with fierce black eyes, which spoiled the expression of a face otherwise handsome. This was Wallace Floyd, first mate of the Celise, who had grown up with Edgar Connor on the sea, and had been his best friend through life.

He had loved Mildred Connor, and when he saw her married to another, even though that other was his best friend, he seemed to change all at once; and from that hour the wild, fierce look never left his eyes. Let us hope that the man had lost his senses, and was not to blame for the treachery he meditated. Strong-hearted in times of danger before, he became reckless now, and those who knew him best were astonished at the change in him.

He hated Edgar Connor now more than he had ever loved him in the times gone by. He looked upon him as a man who had robbed him of the one treasure which he had. If Mildred had ever dreamed of his love it would have been a different matter, but she had only thought of him as Edgar's friend, as a man who loved him above all things on earth. All through the voyage thus far he had been brooding over his vengeance, and forming a plan so fiendish that the human mind recoils at it. The calm had delayed him, but he knew that it could not last much longer.

"If I could go mad at once, and forget all the last years of my life, it would be better far. I loved him once, but when I see them together and know that she loves him, and that but for him I might have won her, it drives me mad for vengeance. It will come in time, if I only wait."

At this moment the captain called him, and he went forward slowly.

"What do you think of the chances, Wallis? Do you see any sign of wind?"

"We shall have it fresh in two hours, and from the right quarter," replied the mate.

"I am glad to hear it, for there is nothing on earth which I hate so much as a calm at sea. Not that I am tired of Milly yet," he added, with a fond glance at his wife, "but I want to make a quick trip."

"Your trip will be quick enough," said Wallace, with a doubtful look.

"You will see if I am not a true prophet."

There was something in the tone of the man's voice which struck a chill to the heart of the captain's wife in spite of herself. She shuddered, and looked at him closely to see if he had any sinister meaning; but there was a smile upon his face as she looked at him, a smile so pleasant that she began to laugh.

"Do you know what I thought at that moment?" she said. "It was foolish in me, but it seemed to me, before I looked into your face, that you were *threatening* Edgar in some way."

"Ha! ha! ha!" cried Connor; "that is the most comical idea I ever heard in my life. Wallie Floyd, who saved my life in the Ladrones; Wallie, for whom I fought at Tien-Tsing; Wallie, who stabbed the white shark, just as he turned on his back to take me in; Wallie, whom I saved from the elephant in Ceylon! My dearest girl, if you try a thousand years, you won't equal that."

"It does sound foolish," said Wallace, hoarsely; "only there is many a true word spoken in jest, and I *may* be plotting against you."

"Pshaw!" replied Connor; "after that let the sky rain sulphur. Ha! look yonder, Milly."

Floating on the surface of the water was a dark bunch about the size of a water puncheon or half barrel. This mass did not seem to have life, but suddenly a long arm was lifted, waving to and fro in the air, as if feeling for something. Another and another arm was lifted, and they recognized the terrible sea spider, the "Devilfish" of Victor Hugo, that gigantic polyp which dragged down the adventurous "Toiler of the Sea" after it had destroyed the fugitive captain. The cuttle fish is not a myth; it exists, and in greater numbers than we think. But lurking in the lower depths of the sea, moved about by the currents, it seldom rises to the surface. They caught sight of two glaring, saucer eyes, and then the great polyp sank beneath the waves, its long arms waving in the air as it went down.

"Look out!" cried Wallace, hoarsely; "when you see a cuttle fish, look for a death soon."

"Are you so superstitious as that, Wallie?" said Edgar. "I am not, at any rate; but we have seen something which is not often seen in these seas, and the largest of the kind I ever beheld."

"It was a terrible creature, indeed," said Mildred, with a shudder. "Do they ever seize human beings?"

"Often, if the yarns of sailors are true. But here comes the breeze, sooner than any of us imagined."

It was true. The wind was coming in fitful puffs, which filled the sails of the Celise only to let them drop against the mast as before. Then it came more steadily, and the ship began to creep away to the east with everything set which would draw. Night came, and the great ship was sailing steadily on before the wind, which had increased to a fair sailing breeze. Wallace had the deck, and the captain and his wife were in the cabin. Leaving the second mate on deck for a moment the mate ran below, and came up with a pale face, taking his place near the wheel. One of the boats, which had become dry by lying so long in the sun, was towing astern in order to swell the seams, and the oars, by some accident, had been left in her.

Suddenly, without warning, there burst out of the hatches a dense, stifling smoke, and a cry of horror rose on every side.

A ship on fire!

There is nothing more terrible to the seaman than a fire at sea, or anything which will drive him mad more quickly. Some of the hands on deck sprang at the boats, but the fierce voice of the mate restrained them, and they saw him standing with a pistol in each hand, threatening that man with death who dared to touch the boats. One only disobeyed him, and instantly fell, shot through the brain. The captain rushed out of the cabin, closely followed by his wife, and as he saw the smoke rolling out of the hatches, he realized the danger.

"Close the hatches!" he cried. "Wallace, you have done your duty in killing that man, who would have fled at the approach of danger. Watch the boats, and let all work."

"Wait," cried the mate. "Shall I take Mildred into the boat astern, in case of danger?"

"Yes; go with him, Mildred. Mr. Frazer," turning to his second officer, "watch the men, and kill the first one who shirks his duty."

"I will not go," cried Mildred. "A wife cannot desert her husband, in a moment like this."

Wallace Floyd caught her in his strong arms and carried her to the stern, lowering her into the boat with an arm of iron. A moment more and he was with her, and the boat was towing in the wake of the ship. A single cut from his sharp knife and the rope was severed, letting them drift astern.

"Why did you do that, Wallace?" she cried, as he took up the oars.

"Do you want a dozen to jump into the boat at once and swamp her?" was the reply. "There is no wind, and I can keep up with the ship easily."

The wind was indeed dying away, and he cast an angry look at the sky, as if this fact annoyed him. He could hear the pumps going, drawing water, not from the hold, but from the sea, and pouring it down through the scuttles.

But the smoke still increased, and he uttered a laugh so demoniac that she looked at him in horror.

"This is my vengeance, mine!" cried the madman. "I fired the ship, and out of all her company only you and I will escape. Do you hear there, Edgar Connor? Do you hear, you snake? Your boats are scuttled, your ship is a heap of glowing coals under your feet, and I shall look on and laugh while you die."

Connor heard him, and uttered a groan of dismay, while the men rushed to the boats. Here they saw that not one of them was sound, for at a touch great pieces fell out from the bottoms. If they could not save the ship, they were doomed.

"Work, my lads," cried Connor. "If we must die, let us die like men. God forgive you for this wicked deed, Wallace Floyd."

He only answered by that fierce laugh, and sent the boat spinning through the water a hundred feet astern. He did not think of his own danger in an open boat, four hundred miles from any land; he only thought of vengeance.

"Die, like a rat in a trap," he cried. "Ha! ha! ha! Is it warm on board the Celise, messmates?"

Connor rushed into the cabin and came up with a rifle in his hand. But Floyd clutched Mildred by the shoulder, and held her up before him as a shield.

"Why don't you fire?" he screamed. "I have a shield here which I think will do."

The rifle dropped from the captain's hand, for he dared not risk a shot at his enemy while she was in the boat. The wind had died away entirely, and the stream of water poured down into the hold through two scuttles.

"I will leave you to take care of yourselves, my friends," cried Floyd. "What do you think of my prophecy now?"

The prow of the boat receded from the ship, and he dipped the oars into the water. At this moment there rose close to the side of the boat, another of those huge polyps which they had seen that day, the round glistening eyes staring him in the face. One long, tremulous arm shot up, and fastened about the waist of the sailor, binding one arm to his side. Another coiled about his neck, and he could feel the strange "suckers" or the antennæ fasten in his flesh. Starting up wildly, another arm caught him about the lower limbs, and he was dragged shrieking out of the boat, and a bubbling cry came up from the sea as cuttle-fish and victim sank into the depths. That was the last time mortal eye looked on the face of Wallace Floyd; and Mildred, with a wild cry, fell fainting across the stern sheets of the boat.

* * * * * *

When she came to her senses she was lying on her own bed in the cabin of the Celise, and the face which was so near hers was that of her husband.

"Do not speak, my darling," he said. "We have fought the fire and conquered, and you are saved. The wind went down and we flooded the hold, and the men are now at work pumping ship again."

"And Floyd? oh, heaven, yes—I remember now."

"He has gone to meet a greater Judge than man could give him. You can pray, darling, for you are pure in heart. Pray, therefore, for the soul of my unhappy friend, Wallace Floyd."

They lived many happy years together, but Mildred never crossed the sea after that voyage. She could not forget that fearful night when the polyp seized its prey.

DONKEY RIDING IN EGYPT.

The beast *par excellence* of Egypt is the donkey; he ought to have a place on the national coat-of-arms, as much so as the llama has on that of Peru. The horses of Egypt are magnificent, some of pure Arabian, and some of a cross between English and Arabian stock, and are famous for their speed and beauty. But they are a luxury that not everybody can afford, as their support requires a constant outlay, not to speak of the first cost of the property. But the donkey is universal, and everybody can have one, unless he is the poorest of the poor. It is not many years since carriages were introduced; before that time, if one objected to walking he was obliged to resort to the saddle as the only alternative. Between the horse and the donkey lay the equestrian's choice, and the donkey was everywhere to be found, while the horse was not. At every hotel door there were groups of them ready saddled at all hours of the day, and you can hire them cheaply. If you make a bargain in advance you can hire a donkey at three or four francs a day, inclusive of the boy to drive him, though the latter generally looks for a fee or bukshish in addition to the price of the beast and saddle.

Most of the excursions in and around Cairo must be made on these animals, and even in many places where you can take a carriage the donkey is preferable. You can ride in the narrow lanes and among the bazaars, or you can go into the open country a-gallop, as though pursued by a wolf or a guilty conscience. No matter how fast you go, the boy will keep up with you, and he never seems to be out of breath. If you want to go slowly he does not understand you, and will continue to cluck and strike the beast at the very moment you are expostulating with him. Once we took a donkey for an afternoon ride to old Cairo, and explained to the boy that we were in no hurry, and wished to go gently. "I understand," he said, and as we started he hit the donkey a violent blow that sent him off on a gallop. Two or three times we expostulated, and finally threatened to thrash him with our cane if he struck the donkey again without orders. "I understand," he said, "no strike donkey no more," and we were off again. Within two minutes he struck the animal. The promised thrashing was administered, and even that was not enough to make the boy mindful of what we wanted, and several times he involuntarily hurried the animal ahead. It was the force of habit, which to him was perfectly uncontrollable.

POETRY.

One of the rarest qualities to be found in poetry is the originality which springs from the poet being overcome and mastered by his subject. Most poets necessarily choose their subjects, and, having chosen them, do their best to identify themselves with what they describe, and to use the materials thus provided as a vehicle by which they may teach or charm mankind. Some event in personal history, a love or a loss, may indeed for a moment carry the poet away on the tide of spontaneous emotion; but this cannot happen often in any life, not even in the life of a poet. That an interest so profound, an absorption so complete, should be produced by any set of events, that a writer should feel as if life were only given him to utter what is swelling in his breast, is, and must be, something accidental and extraordinary. But when it is present it always commands and arrests the attention of readers. The strength and sincerity of emotion give an irresistible power to what is written. No strength of emotion or absorption in a subject will necessarily make a writer a great poet, for to be a great poet is the summing up of a vast variety of great gifts; but it will make the poem in which it is embodied a remarkable poem, provided that the expression of feeling is not wholly inadequate, and that the subject is in itself one the elevation of which others can realize by sympathy, even though they may not see how they themselves could possibly be carried away by it.

LOVE is the shadow of the morning, which decreases as the day advances. Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

TEMPER is so good a thing that we should never lose it.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ It is the intention to make this Department an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will necessarily contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

☞ All communications must be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Authors and others will take notice that, by rules of the P. O. Department, Manuscripts intended for publication in periodicals are subject to letter rates. Insufficiently stamped MSS. will not be taken out of the P. O. by us. Rejected MSS. will not be returned, unless by special request, with sufficient stamps enclosed to prepay postage.

Contributors are requested to write on only one side of the sheet, and to avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Enigma. Birthdays. Beasts of the Field. Truth Stranger than Fiction. Never Despair. How I Won Her. Harvest-time. The Lost Letter. Fight with Indians.

TO GENERAL CORRESPONDENTS.

SAUCY.—The best cure we can give you for biting your nails is to keep your fingers away from your teeth. This is a sure cure.

A. N. A.—It is entirely against our rules ever to give the address of any one connected with our literary staff; but if you send us a letter directed to the writer in question, you may depend upon its being duly forwarded.

J. McC.—The tone of your letter is good and honest and earnest, and it seems to us as though you had seen and abandoned your early bad habits. If you have absolutely and forever quit them, there is no reason why you should not marry the lady to whom you are engaged.

IDA.—Your hair may be very beautiful, and since you say it is, we are of course bound to believe you; but that your lover fell in love with you solely on account of your hair, we must beg leave to doubt. It was, beyond all doubt, one item in the many attractions that sealed his fate and secured for you a lover.

ROSE WOOD.—To make a good and cheap "invisible ink," such as you want, get from any drug store a solution of cobalt, and so dilute it with water that, when it dries on the paper, no writing will be visible. To read it afterwards, it is only necessary to hold it before a fire, when the writing will at once become visible.

B. G. H.—This correspondent asks us why some persons have more hair on their faces than others, and why it is he cannot grow a moustache, etc., as well as one of his friends. He might as well have inquired the reason why some persons are taller than others, or why he possesses a smaller amount of common sense than people who do not ask such foolish questions.

MABEL.—You are far too young to be engaged, for this reason, that you are not old enough to know your own feelings properly. You may fancy that you are in love because the gentleman has professed love for you; but the chances are that in another year you will meet with some one else whom you will like much better than this one, and then what would you do?

R. U. T. (Elmwood.)—We hardly understand your question. If the gentleman and lady have been properly introduced to each other, we cannot see what is the necessity for all that fuss about interchanging cards that you speak of. And if they have not been introduced, they must be before they should speak to one another at all. As your question is now put, it is unintelligible.

ELLIE.—We have heard of such things having taken place, but cannot speak from personal experience. 2. You must just trust in your ingenuity. 3. No; we never give real names and addresses in this column. It is best always for our correspondents to select their own *nom de plume*, under which they wish the answer to be given by us, so that they can readily recognize it.

TOBY.—From what you tell us, we conclude that the gentleman must have seen something, or, at all events, imagined he saw something, which cooled the feelings he at first appeared, you say, to have entertained for you. It would not be proper at all for you to write and ask him for an explanation, as he never made any declaration of affection for you. Your doing so would be very indelicate, and would place you in a very false position.

UNHAPPY.—We do not see what in the world should make you unhappy; you are certainly far too young to think about marrying for at least three or four years longer. If you are certain of your lover's affection, the time passed in waiting for each other would be a great advantage, for it would not only enable him to improve his present position and provide the better for his future home, but it would enable you to complete your education, and so render you more useful to your intended husband in after-life.

W. J. O.—The principal thing to be considered in a piano is its *tone*. The polish and carving of the case are matters of secondary importance, except to those who regard a pianoforte simply as an article of furniture. The tone is to be considered as to its depth, richness, evenness, purity, power and brilliancy, and that quality which is called *singing*. If you don't know anything about a piano, as you say you do not, you should get some one who is a judge of the instrument to select one for you.

J. E. F.—If you will take our advice, you will let the young man wait for you till his ill-temper leaves him. He appears to us, from what you say, to be thoroughly selfish; he does not mind keeping you waiting for him for an hour, or even longer, but gets mad because you keep him waiting for about fifteen minutes. Let him go about his business, and think yourself well rid of him, for you may rely on it, that a man who shows himself so unreasonable before marriage, will prove but a few removes from a brute after.

GRADUATE.—"What is meant by so-and-so being Professor of Belles Lettres?" Belles lettres, or polite literature, as it is properly denominated in English, is a French term, embracing grammar, logic, rhetoric, poetry, music, mathematics, and the learned languages; these are usually called the seven liberal arts. All that relates to beauty, harmony, grandeur and elegance, and tends to embellish a man's mind, and supply him with rational and useful entertainments, belong to their province.

H. F. L.—There is nothing more absurd than the habit some gentlemen have of changing arms so as to place the ladies on the inside of the road. It does not make much difference which arm the gentleman should give the lady, custom and etiquette are rather in favor of the right, so long as either the one or the other is permanently retained throughout the promenade. We are in favor of the left arm, for the one reason, among other good ones, that it leaves the gentleman's right arm free to remove obstructions and keep rude or careless folks out of the lady's way.

ED.—The young lady acted with most praiseworthy spirit and intelligence in so promptly resenting the insult you offered to her. And we confess that we are astonished at one laying claims to "being quite a critic in good manners and etiquette, and, above all, politeness to ladies," as you do, not being able to understand the nature of the indignity you put on her, one of the grossest that you could be guilty of. You have a great deal yet to learn before you know how to behave as a gentleman, if you are really so ignorant as you make yourself out to be in your letter.

L. O. T., JR.—The discrepancy between the two answers to which you refer was caused by a typographical error. The last was the correct answer. 2. Yes; three years is entirely too long a time to be engaged. We are opposed on principle to such long engagements. No man has any right to bind any woman to wait for so long a time until he is ready and in a position to marry. He should leave her free to act as she pleases, and if she really loves him, she will wait for him without any necessity for an "engagement" to force her to do so. 3. Not before twenty-two. 4. Yes; it is not exactly proper; but don't ask us such a foolish question. If the lady does not raise any objections, we won't.

W. M. R.—As you are aware that the young lady is engaged to be married, it would be a very dishonorable and dastardly thing for you to attempt to win her from the person to whom she is engaged. Besides, supposing you did succeed in getting her to violate her engagement, what confidence could you place in such a young lady? If she would be guilty of such a breach of good faith once, might she not repeat it and serve you in the same way?

J. B. F.—The fact that you are "paying your addresses" to a young lady does not by any manner of means give you the right, as you seem to imagine it does, to intrude on her at all hours, or to follow her about whenever she is going out anywhere. She, no doubt, had good and very proper reasons for declining your company on the occasion you refer to, and it would be exceedingly stupid on your part to be offended or to make any allusion to it whatever when you next see her.

POETICAL CONTRIBUTORS.—We have been asked by some of our correspondents to fill up "odd corners" with their poems, and we take this opportunity of saying once for all, that there are no "odd corners" in a paper like ours, where everything that is inserted is carefully considered beforehand, and where we have always plenty of good matter on hand. Others ask us to insert their productions because they are "first efforts," or because they are written by "a youth of fifteen"—just the very reason why we should *not* insert them. We have always on hand a stock of first-class poems, and, therefore, must decline those which come under the above mentioned categories.

WILL.—The only way of preserving the beautiful colors which the dying autumn leaves have at this present time is to dry the leaves as rapidly as possible. As soon as the leaves are gathered, place them between perfectly dry papers—old newspapers will do—and change the papers every day until the leaves are quite dry, which will be known by their becoming brittle. When the leaves are dry, keep them between papers until you wish to use them for making wreaths and other decorations. To make the colors come out more brilliantly, the upper surface of the leaf should be brushed over with boiled linseed oil. The leaves may then be pasted or glued upon cardboard, to make wreaths or lamp-shades, or used in any other way that fancy may suggest.

INQUISITIVE.—"We would like you to tell us, if you can, what is the average cost of running a first-class frigate in the U. S. Navy, as there has been considerable discussion here on the subject, and no one seems to know much about it?" The amount required yearly to pay the expenses of a first-class frigate has sometimes been guessed at and alluded to in a very indefinite sort of way in the reports of the navy and the speeches of Congressmen, but it is only within a very few years, two or three at the most, that we have ever seen any figures by which any correct estimate could be made. Those to which we allude were for the frigate Franklin, 3173 tons burden, and the cost of which was about $2,000,000. Her complement is 10 officers, 60 marines, 38 petty officers, 90 seamen, 134 ordinary seamen, 200 landsmen and boys, and about 40 in the engineers' department, making a total of 552 souls on board. The calculation of what it costs annually to keep her on duty, or, in naval phraseology, "in commission," is $331,162. To this should be added interest on the original cost of the vessel at 7 per cent., $140,000, making a total of $471,162.

CARRIE.—In our issue of week before last, we gave you some advice, or, at least, endeavored to do so, on the rather puzzling question you put to us as to how you could know whether a young gentleman was really courting you, or only paying you polite but unmeaning attentions. Since then we have been thinking very seriously over the matter, and trying to see how we could help our young lady readers to find out the difference between simply polite attention and the tender manifestations of love, as we know the confounding the one with the other has been, and ever will be, the source of very much trouble. We think we have, at last, after careful investigation and research, found some signs by which any young lady ought to be able to discover what a gentleman really means when he pays her attentions. First, then, if he greets her in a free and unembarrassed manner; if he squeezes her hand; if he eats heartily when in her company; if he talks to speak very kindly to her mother; if, in short, he talks to be foolish fifty times every hour, then she may make up her mind that he is not "in love" with her. He only admires her, let him say what he will to the contrary. On the other hand, if he is merry and sociable with everybody else, but quiet with her; if he is very solicitous and anxious that her tea is sufficiently sweetened, and that she is well wrapped up when she goes out into the cold; if he talks very low and never looks her steadily in the eye; if he sighs like a pair of old bellows, looks solemn when she is spoken to by another gentleman, and is, in fact, the most awkward and stupid of all her male friends, then she may be assured that he is in sober earnest, and really and truly is in love with her, and no mistake.

A. F. J.—It is commonly supposed that playing cards were invented for the amusement of Charles V. of France, who lost his reason in the year 1392. But the fact that we find traces of the game of cards soon after the return of the Crusaders from the holy wars, and that the date of its introduction into Italy, Spain and France corresponds pretty accurately with the return of the soldiers of the Cross into those countries, gives us every reason to conclude that they were its introducers. Great improvements have been made in the coloring and fabric of playing cards, but little alteration has been effected in the designs upon them, beyond the more modern plan of giving double heads to the court cards. To be sure, there has been a modification of the morose and repulsive expression which disfigured some of the kings and knaves—the knave of clubs, especially—in old packs. The portrait of the last mentioned dignitary in a pack we recently saw represented a golden-haired youth, of a singularly ingenuous countenance, but we sadly missed that supernatural development of the calf of his leg which used to excite our youthful admiration. The French and Germans have elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen figuring on their court cards, but steady-going card-players in this country scorn such trifling. Diamonds being trumps, the queen would hardly seem like an honor unless she had a stiff neck and was trying to sniff at a rose. A king of clubs that was presented in profile could hardly be expected to win a trick, and a knave of spades that looked us full in the face would stand a chance of being scouted as an impostor.

IGNORAMUS.—"Can you tell me what is Lloyds that you see mentioned so often in connection with ships?" "Lloyds" is the name given to a set of rooms on the first floor of the Royal Exchange in London, the rendezvous of the most eminent merchants, shipowners, underwriters, insurance brokers and bankers, for the purpose of obtaining shipping intelligence and transacting marine insurances. The Merchants' Room is superintended by a shipmaster, who speaks a dozen languages or more, and welcomes business men of every nationality. The Captains' Room is where auctions of ships are carried on, and where captains and merchants meet to transact business and discuss the news. But it is the Underwriters' Room that makes Lloyds the attraction it is. The underwriters and subscribers, who pay their annual fee of four guineas here, and their twenty-five pounds initiation fee, represent nearly the whole commercial wealth of England. None but members who have duly paid up their subscriptions are allowed to transact business here, either as insurance brokers or underwriters. The society of Lloyds is managed by a committee of twelve, selected from among the members, who also appoint the agents and officials of the establishment. In this room two enormous ledgers lie constantly open, the one containing a list of vessels *arrived*, the other recording disasters at sea. We will give you an example of how the marine insurance business is transacted here. You are a merchant in London, and wish to insure, say £10,000 on a venture to the West Indies. Your broker goes to Lloyds and proposes, naming the ship and nature of the cargo. An underwriter turns up the "register," ascertains how the vessel is rated, speaks to two or three others, and then says, "We will do it at such a rate," naming it. Your broker asks, "Who signs?" meaning which of the underwriters are willing to take the insurance. He gives the names, and the broker being satisfied, the clerk makes out the policy. An insurance at Lloyds is always perfectly safe, because to fail to meet a loss forfeits forever all right to do business at Lloyds. There is no other marine insurance in England regarded as safe as Lloyds.

MISCELLANEOUS.—R. B. B.—It was decidedly premature on your part. It will be time enough when you are better acquainted. F. W.—You had better consult an able lawyer. Remember that he who acts as his own lawyer in any difficult matter, has a fool for his client. J. S.—We cannot possibly conjecture why your experiment failed, if you followed explicitly the directions that were given you. COIN.—We are sorry we cannot give you any information regarding the coin in question. Are you quite sure you have got the inscription on the "reverse" correct? CABLE.—Your letter is a regular conundrum. We have tried to make out what you mean, but, after puzzling over it, we have had to give it up. M. A. B.—The extreme length of Great Britain from Lizard's Point to Dunnet Head is 608 miles. E. A.—You had much better take lessons of a master in the first instance. RUSSIA.—You must see that we cannot answer your question without making unpleasant mention of names. ANXIOUS.—Your voice is most probably only undergoing the change usual at your age; it will turn out all right in a short time. LUCY.—The "h" is aspirate in the word "hospital."

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*